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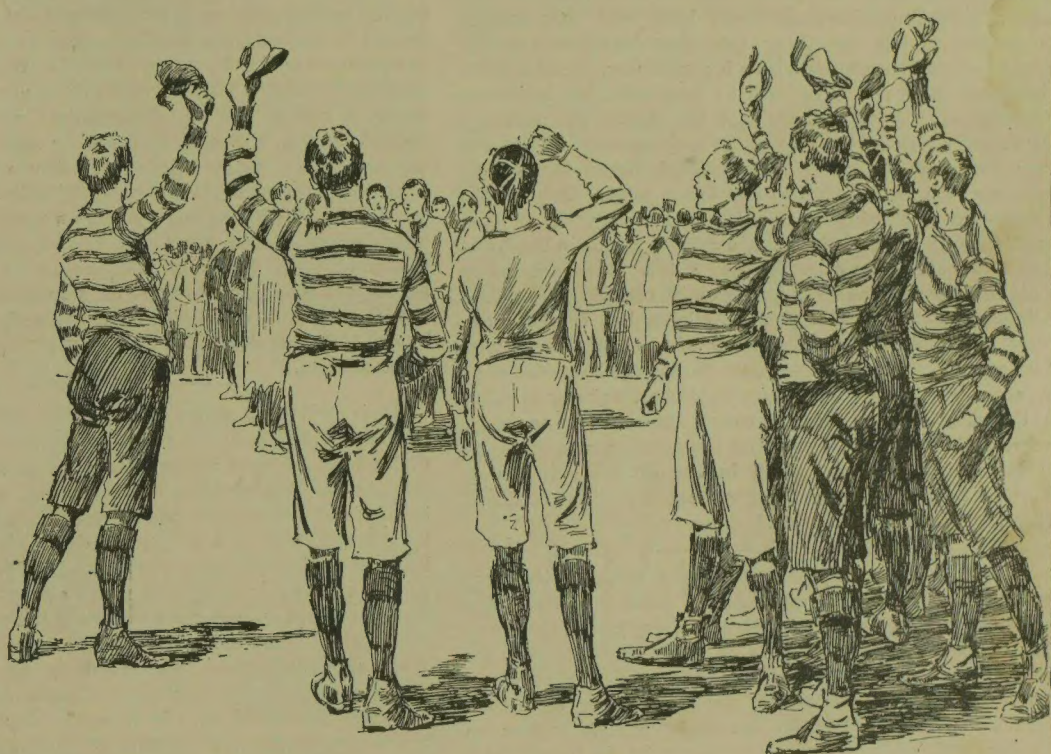
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1888.

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.

The Two Umpires.



The "Surrey Team" cheering the "Maories" on their appearance



Their War Cry before Starting Play.



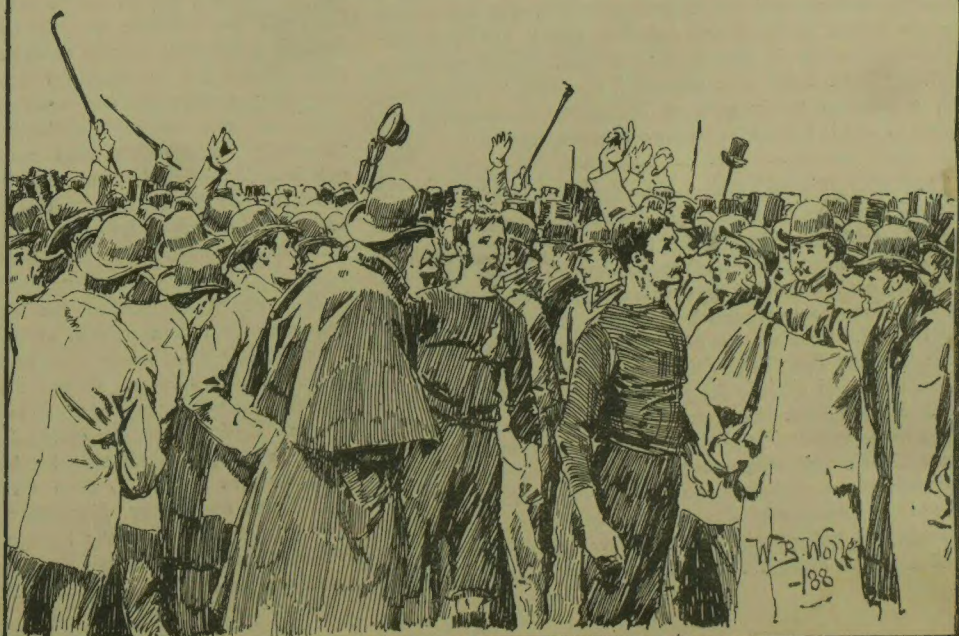
The first Goal for New Zealand.



A sudden outburst of joy on getting the 1st Goal of the Tour.



Mobbed. 3 Cheers for the Visitors. Hip Hip etc etc



C. HENTSCHEL SC.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A medical paper furnishes us with the interesting information of how a collection for charitable purposes is made up from a concert audience of about 10,000 persons. There were found in the bags 2 sovereigns, 4 half-sovereigns, 20 florins, 150 shillings, 605 sixpences, 706 threepenny-pieces, 6714 pennies, and 2224 halfpennies. It has been found by experience that in book-buying (which is the reason why there are so many two-shilling novels) a florin is the largest sum which the ordinary railway passenger parts with easily; in charity, it seems, the coin is much smaller. Indeed, it is rather surprising to observe, in church-going families of means, how very small a sum is generally provided beforehand when a sermon "for the benefit" of something or other has been announced on the previous Sunday. Of course, however, there are exceptions to this economical practice. I remember a friend of mine, constant in his attendance at what used to be a famous "high church" place of worship in Knightsbridge, being asked in church, in my presence, by a total stranger to lend him his address-card and also a five-pound note for the collector. My friend complied; and after church I ventured to point out to him that he had been a little imprudent. It would have been easy enough to pretend to put something into that highly-ornamented velvet bag, and then to withdraw it; moreover, the charitable gentleman need not have been so eager with his handsome subscription, but might have sent his cheque the next day. My friend admitted the cogency of my remarks, and I (being very young at the time) congratulated myself not a little upon my superior intelligence and forethought. Only, by the first post next morning my friend got his money. Both these gentlemen were what, of course, would be called in the Great Republic "champion churchgoers"; but there are many benighted persons whose only notion of orthodoxy is a subscription, not to the Thirty-nine Articles, but to the plate. There is a pleasant American story of a storm at sea, when matters had become so serious that the skipper requested anyone acquainted with such matters to conduct a prayer-meeting in the chief cabin. Either through ignorance or modesty, everyone declined this office; but one gentleman, anxious to do something, however slight, in the direction indicated, observed that though preaching was out of his line, he would willingly "make a Col-lection."

It is an unfortunate peculiarity of the more combative of our philanthropists, and especially of those who have been called (not without some justice) Anti-everything-arians, that they seldom trouble themselves to study the nature of the subject they assail. They may be right enough in their views, but when they give their reasons for entertaining them they often show quite a curious ignorance of the matter in question and of those who practise what is found fault with. The teetotaler, for example (as if he had not work enough on his hands without making enemies outside the ring of spirit-drinkers), almost always falls foul of tobacco as being an incentive to intoxication: a statement which, to those acquainted with the subject, does not hold his favourite beverage—water. The habitual smoker hardly ever drinks, and tobacco has done more to banish wine from our dinner-tables than all the arguments that have been directed against it. This ignorance is caused, probably, by extreme virtue; the teetotaler knows nothing about "the poison pipe" and its contents; but the display of it weakens his cause. The Bishop and the Chancellor of Carlisle have recently been denouncing gambling, and with great propriety; for, next to drink, it is, perhaps, the vice that causes the most widespread misery. But (what is not surprising, perhaps, in a Bishop and a diocesan Chancellor) they do not seem very well acquainted with what they denounce. They contend that its immorality consists in the fact that "money passes from one man to another with a dead loss to one, and an unreasonable gain to another." This may be said of "threepenny whist" (and even that great moralist, Dr. Johnson, expressed his contempt for playing at cards "for nothing," as being a sheer waste of time) or of a bet of a pair of gloves with a lady. No person of common-sense would call this "gambling," any more than speculating in a raffle, which the Bishop admits he has done—though with an unsatisfactory result. The simple fact is that the proper definition of gambling is, playing for more than we can afford. Penny points at whist may be gambling in a very poor man, and pound points not be gambling in a rich one. When the game ceases to be an amusement from the size of the stake, and the stake, and not the game, is the attraction, then, and then only, gambling begins. The next greatest gamblers to the book-makers on the turf, and the City clerks and small tradesmen who are ruined by them and led into crime, are often our bankers and merchant princes, who, though they never bet a shilling, "back their own opinion" in their "operations" with a freedom rarely seen at Doncaster or Ascot; their success in this is termed "commercial enterprise."

The "Man Hunter" is a story-book which should in these days, when we are all man (or monster) hunting, have a phenomenal circulation. It purports to narrate the actual experience of a police detective, and is rather a good book of its kind; but as one reads about the hard nuts he had to crack, it cannot but strike one how very much harder is this terrible nut in Whitechapel. I am not one of those who cry shame upon the police because they have failed to discover what half the intelligence (and all the folly) of London has failed to disclose. By the time these words are read it is possible the mystery may be solved, and at least one-tenth of one's acquaintance will be telling us how they had predicted and even written (private) letters to the Home Office about it, from the very first; but at present even the most keen-sighted of us are all in the dark, and yet we expect that our policemen should know all about it as though the darkness were physical, and they

must needs throw light upon it because they carry a lantern. For my part, I have reason to be impressed with the sagacity of the force with respect to this very matter. On the day after the last massacre, a friend and myself agreed to visit its scenes; such expeditions are not at all in our line, and I may say without vanity that though one individual may perhaps be discovered (in episcopal costume) as respectable-looking as either of us, there are not two persons in the world who, together, could be pronounced more respectable, or less likely to be found on any such errand. Yet this is what happened. Having taken a ticket by the Underground to Aldgate, we inquired of a police inspector on the platform whether the next train went thither—that and nothing more; and this is what he replied: "Yes, gentlemen; and when you get there you will turn to the right for Mitre-square, and to the left along the Commercial-road for Berners-street." Mr. Herbert Spencer himself could not have exhibited a greater talent for mental analysis; it would have been unnecessary (in the ridiculous supposition of either of us having been "disorderly") for that Inspector to have drawn his truncheon; he might have knocked both of us down with a feather.

What adds a grain of disgust to the mountain of horror excited by these crimes, is that, even if the wretch be caught, he will be probably found to be mad, and therefore will cheat the gallows. (If not mad, by-the-by, I wonder what the anti-punishment-of-death gentlemen will say to him? It will be rather a crucial test of "abolitionist" opinion.) Curiously enough, in the only case that can be said to be any sort of parallel to it, that of Renwick Williams (nicknamed "The Monster"), the criminal also escaped justice. He went about with a large knife slashing women—not only, however, in poor neighbourhoods like Whitechapel—and produced a panic in the whole sex. Being at last caught in the very act, in St. James's-street, he was tried on a number of charges; but, though capitally convicted, only suffered, for reasons best known to Father Antic the Law, two years' imprisonment for three of them.

It is said that when the need for leadership, whether intellectual or otherwise, arises, the leader appears with it—that when the hour comes we always find the man; but in this case we have certainly not found the man. It must also be admitted that no one has as yet shown himself "keen to track Suggestion to her inmost cell" in the attempt to find him. On the other hand, what is wanting in quality has been amply made up in quantity; never were there so many suggestions to "the proper quarter," nor such wild ones. Occurrences which seize the public imagination, as was seen in the Tichborne trial, prove, perhaps more than anything else, Carlyle's famous dictum as to what our population is "mostly" composed of. In a single day's voluntary contributions towards the solution of this mystery I notice no less than twenty theories, all of which might have emanated from Colney Hatch. The general impression seems to be that the murderer is a high-class religious enthusiast—of course it may be so; but I hope he will not, as usual, found a sect—and the most popular remedy is the employment of bloodhounds. Imagine a bloodhound, starting on this inquiry a week after the event, restrained with difficulty by two policemen, and followed and surrounded by certainly not less than twenty thousand persons attracted by that gratuitous spectacle! We must go to poetry—"The Questing Beast"—for a parallel to that sanguine and persevering animal. One gentleman writes: "I have seen bloodhounds, not remarkable for hunting powers, carry scent up Regent-street and Portland-place, in the early morning, in either '81 or '82." This is, to me, as great a mystery as the murders. What does it mean? How did they "carry scent"? In scent-bottles, perhaps, round their necks, as the St. Bernard dogs carry brandy. Another writes that bloodhounds are not necessary; "bassets and dachshunds, from Germany, would be equally efficacious." This I quite believe, even though I have been hitherto under the impression that a basset was a fish. If it be so, they might hunt in couples—the dachshund on the pavement and the basset in the gutter. "The error is," observes this correspondent, "that scent is necessarily a foot scent. . . . It depends more on the will-of-the-wisp scent than the hounds." This, again, is entirely beyond my limited intelligence; but the writer has hit upon a good name for his own as well as the other theories. They are all will-of-the-wisps, leading us, if they emit light at all, upon a fruitless errand.

In gratitude to an old literary favourite, I must protest against one gentleman's theory who compares this Whitechapel ruffian to *Nick of the Woods*, "the brutal hero of an old Indian story." He was not at all brutal, but one of the mildest of men, till the massacre of wife and little children by Red Indians drove him frantic with rage against that merciless race. It was not "a blind revenge," but a very intelligible antipathy, always directed against murderers of the worst type, and very much applauded by the youthful reader. "Possibly," writes this most amazing of all "our correspondents," "the Whitechapel fiend may have read the story of 'Nick of the Woods,' and made it his model." If so, he must be mad indeed. It is just as likely that he was inspired by "The Heir of Redcliffe."

The correspondence of the Versailles printer who was unexpectedly left a million of money the other day by a Transatlantic relative—or who said he had been left it—must be well worth printing. He has disappeared, and fortunately someone has taken upon himself to open the letters addressed to him. Everyone in the civilised world who wants a little money, and is not much troubled by the sense of obligation, seems to have applied to him: "Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, gentleman, apothecary, ploughboy, thief"—the last named class particularly numerous, though trading under other titles. No less than eight hundred letters, we are told, emanated from the fair sex. One of them goes so far as to say that "she doats

on composers"; another addressed her envelope to "M. Allamahir of Versailles, the Impersonation of Virtue Rewarded"; and another, with audacious frankness, "To the Heir of Five Million Dollars." To the world at large such a correspondence must seem incredible; but anyone who has occupied a position which by any stretch of fancy can be considered public will have little difficulty in believing in it. It is not necessary to have five millions of dollars to be supposed to hold one's property in trust for more or less deserving objects; while the interest evinced by total strangers in one's circumstances, opinions, habits, and even the state of one's liver would be complimentary (if one did not know better) in the highest degree. A letter which, in my humble capacity of British novelist, I had once the honour to receive from the other side of the world had reference to the organ above mentioned. "Dear Sir,—I perceive by the papers that you are indisposed, and I don't wonder at it, considering the life you lead." [This was a serious allegation, and from a total stranger, many thousand miles away, rather alarming. However, the next sentence reassured me.] "You don't take enough exercise. What's the matter with you is your liver. Take my advice, or you will repent it. Dig in your garden an hour before breakfast, and two hours before dinner. Use a three-pronged fork, not a spade, and throw the mould well over your shoulders. I remain, your SINCERE WELL-WISHER." Nothing could be more considerate; but the writer was, of course, unaware of the circumstances of my position. I have not got a garden, nor even a three-pronged fork; all my forks (except the carving ones) are four-pronged.

THE MAORI FOOTBALL TEAM.

The manly English game of football is practised with spirit in New Zealand not only by the Colonists and their sons of our own race, but by some of the new civilised generation of Maoris, among whom, in the North Island, many are educated in schools and colleges, adopt English fashions of dress, enter into business as farmers, sheep-owners, managers of saw-mills, and in other trades or industries, possess a fair share of property, ride and drive good horses, attend the races, and enjoy the amusements to which our own countrymen are partial wherever they reside. In the New Zealand team of football-players, however, now on a visit to England, there is a mixture of the two races, colonial and native; and their names, English, Scotch, Irish, and Maori, are W. Warbrick, D. Gage, M'Causland, Madigan, Keogh, Goldsmith, Elliott, Wynyard, Ellison, Webster, Maynard, Lee, Anderson, Taiaroa, and Karauria. They are dressed in black knickerbockers and jerseys, which in the case of the Maoris, with their dusky hue of face and hands, gives them a rather sombre aspect; but they are all men of fine growth, well knit and well proportioned, and are skilled adepts in all points of the game. When not playing, the Maoris wear certain mats and articles of their native costume at their public appearances. On Wednesday, Oct. 3, they came to Richmond for the first time, in order to play a match with the Surrey Club, beginning at half-past three in the afternoon. The Surrey men who contended with them were members of different clubs in Surrey—namely, Messrs. F. B. Hannen (Harlequins), A. B. Whitehead (Old Leysians), C. Jordan (Guy's Hospital), C. J. Prime (Guy's Hospital), W. R. M. Leake (Cambridge University), J. H. Bryant (Guy's Hospital), R. Allport (Clapham Rovers), N. F. Henderson (London Scottish), A. Allport (Guy's Hospital), W. P. Carpmal (Blackheath), J. H. Dewhurst (Richmond), T. A. Forde (St. Thomas's Hospital), J. Gould (Old Leysians), T. W. Lambert (St. Thomas's Hospital), and C. C. Moxon (St. Thomas's Hospital). The umpires were Messrs. C. Williams and F. W. Burnard; the referee, Mr. Rowland Hill. The game was played with great spirit and perseverance, but the New Zealanders, after a while, got the advantage by their greater collective weight and strength; and when, finally, "time" was run out, and "no side" was called, they left off the winners by one goal, and a "try" to a try. Their play is considered to be of high excellence; and on Saturday, Oct. 6, playing at Northampton against the picked men of that county, they were again victorious, scoring two goals and four tries to nothing.

Sir Charles Warren's report to the Home Secretary on the Metropolitan Police for 1887, shows that, while a considerable increase had been made in the number of the officers during that year, there had been a slight decrease in the strength of the men. The Commissioner has come to the conclusion that there is great need for a very considerable augmentation.

A large four-light stained glass window with elaborate tracery has been placed in the north transept of the parish church of Burley, near Leeds. The window has been placed by Mr. J. H. Denton in memory of his wife, who was a most active worker among the poor of the congregation. The artists are Messrs. Mayer and Co., who also, a short time ago, filled the window in the north-west aisle.

The first public pleasure-boat to be driven by electrical power on the River Thames was launched on Oct. 8. It is 65½ ft. long, and designed to carry eighty passengers, with a mean draught of 22 in. The electrical machinery and storage being placed below the deck fore and aft, leaves a clear run the whole length of the boat for passengers. In the middle is a handsomely fitted cabin with dining table, &c.

The Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by a brilliant staff, made an inspection, on Oct. 4, of the troops of all arms stationed at Aldershot, and witnessed some attack operations which were hastily organised for the occasion.—At Portsmouth on Oct. 6, in the presence of thousands of spectators, the Duke presented new colours to the Border Regiment, and in the course of a spirited address recalled his own associations with the old 55th.

Mr. Marshall, forty-seven years of age, while suffering, it is said, from an attack of delirium tremens, threw himself into the sea from the deck of the steamer *Ionic*, bound for New Zealand, while the vessel was lying in Plymouth Sound; and Mr. E. R. M'Kinstry, R.N.R., the second officer of the *Ionic*, jumped into the water after him, and in spite of the man's resistance, succeeded in saving his life. Mr. M'Kinstry was loudly cheered for his gallant act.

We have received from Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. four numbers of a publication entitled "Our Celebrities," each number containing three photographs, by J. Waler, of Regent-street, of persons of note in politics, literature, art, and society, with monographs by Mr. L. Engel. Among the portraits we may mention as particularly good those of Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.; Mr. George Lewis, the well-known lawyer, and Sir Morell Mackenzie, whose name is at present on so many lips. "Our Celebrities" will be welcomed by those who desire a more intimate acquaintance with the habits and appearance of our great men.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

After considerable and unprecedented delay the Savoy management permitted the public to know what name had been fixed on for the new comic opera. It had been rumoured that the subject had something to do with the Tower and executions in the days of Henry VIII., and that the daughter of a Tower warder had fallen in love with a political prisoner, and the grand chorus was to consist of Beefeaters in their gorgeous mediæval apparel, and that, warned by recent experience, Mr. Gilbert had resolved to give us a serious libretto. So one fine morning, within a few hours of the first performance, it was announced that "The Yeomen of the Guard; or The Merryman and his Maid" would be the title of the last contribution to Savoy comic literature. In a very few hours the result was known, and spread far and wide all over London. An emphatic success was secured. There was no doubt about that. Number after number was heartily encored. The excitement of the house never flagged. No doubt everyone present was prejudiced in favour of the authors of so many delightful works, and they were inclined to overemphasise their enthusiasm; but when all was said and done no one could doubt that the union of these two brilliant minds had resulted in one more fanciful work, ingenious in idea, delightful in melody, soothing to the senses, and harmless in every scene and detail. This is a recommendation that is often lost sight of when the Gilbert-Sullivan operas are critically examined. These careful and conscientious artists have ever given us an innocuous and wholesome entertainment absolutely devoid of offence. To the Savoy, people can turn without fear, and lead there the young and old alike. The young will not be awakened into curiosity, nor will the old be shocked with levity. These Savoy operas have travelled all over the civilised world, their jokes have been quoted, their songs have been sung in drawing-room, parlour, and humble cabin; yet never yet have words been construed in an evil sense, or music defiled with that false excitement and sensuous allurements, that can do as much harm as the most suggestive words that were ever written. In degrading his art the musician is often quite as much at fault as the poet; but to the honour of Sir Arthur Sullivan it must be said that he has elevated everything that he has touched. Wild and extravagant as have been Mr. Gilbert's jests, the musician has invested them with a fancy peculiarly his own, and there will be possibly only one regret in connection with "The Yeomen of the Guard," and that is that Mr. Gilbert has not cast his "Bab Ballad" manner wholly away and resolved to work up to Sir Arthur's high aims and imaginative fancies. Mr. Gilbert has been guilty of a compromise. He has not abandoned his theory of surprise, nor has he come out altogether in a new suit of raiment. In the new book there is an evident trace of the old Gilbert still. He cannot divest himself of his accustomed manners even in deference to Sir Arthur Sullivan's mute but silent appeal. One would have thought that the author of "Broken Hearts," of "Charity," of "Gretchen," and many another work, could have been serious for more than five minutes together. But it is only in his lyrics that he has surpassed himself, and that he is found superior to anything he has ever attempted before. One, at least, of his songs is a poem such as a Herrick's, a Lovelace, or a Waller might have written. It is perfect in form and beautiful in fancy:—

Is life a thorn?
Then court it not a whit;
Man is well done with it.
Soon as he's born,
He should all means essay
To put the plague away.

And I, war-worn,
Poor captured fugitive,
My life most gladly give,
I might have had to live
Another morn!

Such a lyric as that—and there are plenty of the same pattern in Mr. Gilbert's book—does not belong to the nineteenth century. It is an imitation, and an admirable imitation, of the songs and love-lays of the period when Queen Elizabeth's lovers scratched odes in her honour with diamond rings on the Tower window-panes. If Mr. Gilbert can take the pains to write such verses as these, he can certainly look about him and some day give us a book relatively as good as Sir Arthur Sullivan's music. This he has not done. We feel the discrepancy. The musician seems struggling to rise superior to Gilbertian jingles and jokes; but it is only at odd times that his companion will allow him to soar. It is after all immaterial from what source Mr. Gilbert has derived his inspiration. If his new book were as good as "Don Caesar de Bazan," or even that of the "Maritana" that was founded on it, no one would justly complain. In parts it is exquisitely finished; in parts it is feeble and commonplace. His verses were never better; but his subject-matter is often thin. He seems to struggle not to repeat himself, but breaks down in the attempt to be original. Still, for all that, this latest opera marks the recognised necessity of a change. The "Bab Ballad" days are over. They have been worn down to the last hair. Mr. Gilbert is wise not to attempt to force them any more on public attention in the form of comic opera. But he would be wiser still if he could see that he has a giant at his side who will no longer be forced into the narrow channels of Mr. Gilbert's ingenious conceits. Sir Arthur Sullivan has shown, times out of number, what he can do with his partner's muse. He has decked it out in gorgeous apparel. He has covered it with the garlands of musical fancy, and made the jesters and the clowns possible by means of imagination. The musician now stands firm to his ground, and asks for a loftier subject; and Mr. Gilbert will give it when he is persuaded—as he should be persuaded—that the time has come for him to put his shoulder to the wheel. No one can hear this new opera without a profound sense of satisfaction. The melodies may not be so "catchy" as of old, but the dignity of the score is most impressive. It is the kind of opera that cannot be appreciated at a sitting. We must hear it again and again in order to appreciate it. It is only by the thoughtless and the vulgar that such music should be condemned, because the gallery boy only finds one air that he can go home whistling, or because the bandmaster, the quadrille-seller, and the valse-monger are at a loss where to turn for a convenient subject. Sir Arthur Sullivan has not written for the music-shop, the

promenade, or the ball-room; but he has thrown into his score his ripe experience, his faultless taste, and his curious knowledge of the styles of past periods. There is not one bar that is not interesting, and in "The Yeomen of the Guard" the composer has done himself ample justice. Next time he will insist on a book that will lift his muse even higher and higher to success. In a word, then, in "The Yeomen of the Guard" Sir Arthur Sullivan has given us his best music and Mr. Gilbert infinitely his best lyrics. The book alone is trivial, and, in certain respects, unworthy of both.

But all serious criticism apart, the new Savoy opera is a delightful entertainment. The splendid stage picture of the old Tower of London, the brilliant costumes of the scarlet Beefeaters, the dresses, accurate to a girdle and a button, of the gallants and apprentices of London in the days of Henry VIII., the groupings, and the perfect order of the *mise-en-scène*, would attract attention even if the new story were thinner than it really is. Good taste and stage discipline can do no more in these realistic and extravagant days. The company, that has had some new recruits added to it, has seldom worked better together. The good services of Mr. Rutland Barrington have been lost to this popular theatre, where he has been well known for many a long year; but his place is admirably filled by Mr. Denny, a young comedian who made the acting success of the evening. Few who remember Mr. Denny as the stolid policeman in Mr. Pinero's "Dandy Dick" had any idea that he is the possessor of an excellent voice, and could be safely used for comic opera. His performance of the jailer in "The Yeomen of the Guard" is an admirable and conscientious rendering of a difficult character. Mr. Denny is an admirable foil to the quaint funniments of Mr. George Grossmith, the jester, who does his utmost to lighten and brighten the text. Mr. Courtice Pounds has not only a sweet tenor voice, but he acts without that wooden self-consciousness that belongs to operatic tenors in general. A tenor in a dramatic sense is only another name for pardonable stupidity. But Mr. Pounds does not bring to the stage the airs and affectations of the concert-room. He is cast for a sentimental gallant of a past era, and he well represents the man he is intended to be. Both Mr. Denny and Mr. Courtice

THE QUEEN'S BUCKHOUNDS.

The Royal pack at Windsor, for the season now approaching, has plenty of sport in store, as there are no less than sixteen of last year's stags now in Swindley Paddock, with the dozen deer captured recently in Windsor Great Park, not forgetting the one that was left out lying in Stoke Park, the seat of Mr. Wilberforce-Bryant. There is every prospect of Mr. John Harvey (the newly-appointed huntsman) opening a brilliant season; at any rate, he will be more successful than Mr. Frank Goodall, who has just retired, was last season. The forest runs will be continued through the month of October, the meets being every Tuesday and Friday at the Royal Hotel, Ascot Heath, each day at ten o'clock, previous to the regular hunting season, which will not be before the first Tuesday in November. On Tuesday, Oct. 2, they commenced forest-hunting. Although the morning was dull there was a capital field out. Mr. Harvey, with his whips, Cumings, Bartlett, and Strickland, all well mounted, trotted over with the hounds from the Royal Kennels, where a number of sporting gentlemen and regular followers of the Queen's had assembled, amongst whom were many of the Guards' officers from Windsor. Shortly after ten o'clock a move was made to the Swindley Paddock, Windsor Forest, where a fine deer was let loose, and went away in excellent style towards Wokingham. It then doubled over a nice bit of hunting country right away to Surly Hall, by the side of the Thames, which it crossed near Windsor Racecourse, and was taken at Cippingham Farm, near Slough, after a first-class run. Everybody seemed to enjoy the day's sport.

OBITUARY.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY KEATING.

The Right Hon. Sir Henry Singer Keating, P.C., LL.D., died on Oct. 1. He was born in 1804, the third son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Sheehy Keating, K.C.B., Colonel 33rd Foot; was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1832, and made a Queen's Counsel in 1849. He went the Oxford Circuit, and became M.P. for Reading, 1852 to 1859. He filled the office of Solicitor-General 1857, 1858, and 1859, and in the latter year succeeded Mr. Justice Crowder as one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas. He married, in 1843, Gertrude Marianne, daughter of Major-General Evans, R.A., and was left a widower in 1864. Sir Henry enjoyed the respect and esteem of his judicial confrères. His learning was considerable, used habitually without ostentation, and his gentle and courteous nature made him a universal favourite.

SIR A. MUSGRAVE.

Sir Anthony Musgrave, Governor of Queensland, died at Brisbane, suddenly, on Oct. 9. His Excellency, who was the third son of the late Dr. A. Musgrave, Treasurer of Antigua, was born in 1828. He was appointed Treasurer of Antigua in 1854, Administrator of Nevis in 1860, Lieutenant-Governor of St. Vincent 1862, and of Natal in 1872. In 1864 he became Governor of Newfoundland, and was made Governor of British Columbia in 1869. Sir Anthony went to South Australia in 1873 to occupy the position of Governor there, and in 1876 held a similar post in Jamaica. He had been Governor of Queensland since 1883. Sir Anthony was twice married.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Colonel Spencer Rimington, late Bombay Staff Corps, at Ealing, on Sept. 19.

Mr. Lewis Holland Thomas, of Caerffunon, Merionethshire, J.P., on Sept. 23, aged seventy-six.

Captain John Sumner Eaton, late of the Royal Navy, at Ryde, Isle of Wight, on Sept. 27, aged forty-eight.

Major-General Charles Pulley, late Madras Army, at Shanklin, Isle of Wight, on Sept. 28, aged sixty-four.

Mr. John Leighton Wade Dennett, of Woodmancote Place, Henfield, Sussex, on Sept. 29, in his forty-seventh year.

Rev. Andrew Veitch, late Rector of South Ferriby, Lincolnshire, at Harrogate, on Sept. 27, in his seventy-sixth year.

Mr. John Arthur Locke, of North Moor House, Somerset, on Oct. 2, aged seventy-three. He was educated at Eton, and was a Magistrate for Devon and Somerset.

Mr. Bartholomew Charles Gidley, M.A., suddenly, at his residence, Hoopra House, near Exeter, on Oct. 1, aged forty-nine. He was for fourteen years Town Clerk of Exeter.

Mr. George Stovin Venables, Q.C., on Oct. 6, at his residence in Curzon-street. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1836, and took silk in 1863. He had been for many years a Bench of his Inn.

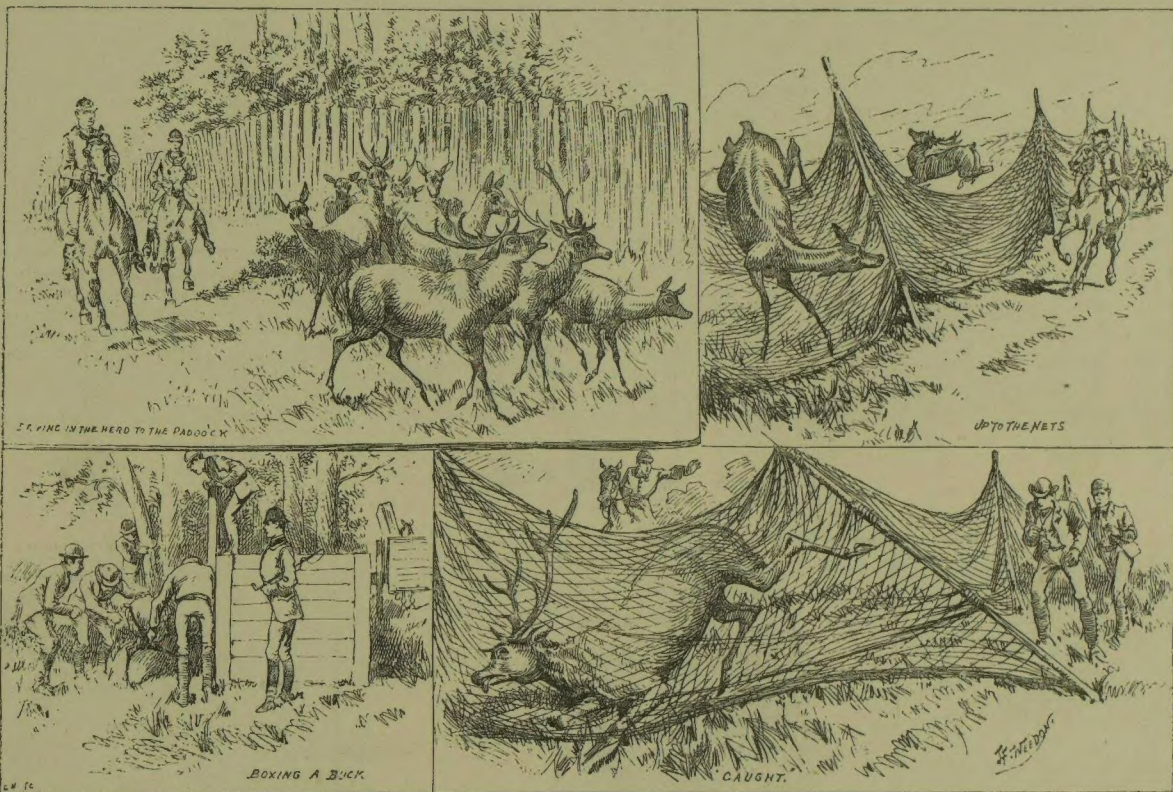
Major-General Antonio Mattei, C.M.G., late Royal Malta Fencible Artillery, at his residence in Sliema, Malta, on Sept. 17, aged eighty-four. He was son of Mr. Francis Mattei, and entered the Army in 1825, from which he retired in 1877.

The Hon. Mrs. William Byron (Mary), youngest daughter of the Rev. John Burnside, of Lamcote House, Notts, late Rector of Plumtree, and wife of the Hon. and Rev. William Byron, M.A., uncle of the present Lord Byron, at 17, Portland-place, on Oct. 2, aged fifty-seven.

Lieutenant-General Charles Preston Molony, Madras Staff Corps, on Sept. 27, at Tenby. He was the third son of the late Rev. Weldon Molony, Rector of Dunleckney, county Carlow, and married, in 1855, Rosa Elizabeth, elder daughter of Sir Thomas Fetherston, fourth Baronet.

Admiral Augustus Henry Ingram, on Oct. 5, at 10, Chilworth-street, Westbourne-terrace, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He entered the Navy as cadet in 1821, and received his Lieutenant's commission in the same year as her Majesty ascended the throne. He served in the war-ship *Blonde* as Lieutenant in the operations against Canton, receiving for his services a medal.

The Archbishop of Canterbury on Oct. 8 reopened the church of St. Alphege at Canterbury, which has recently undergone complete restoration.



CATCHING DEER IN WINDSOR PARK FOR THE QUEEN'S BUCKHOUNDS.

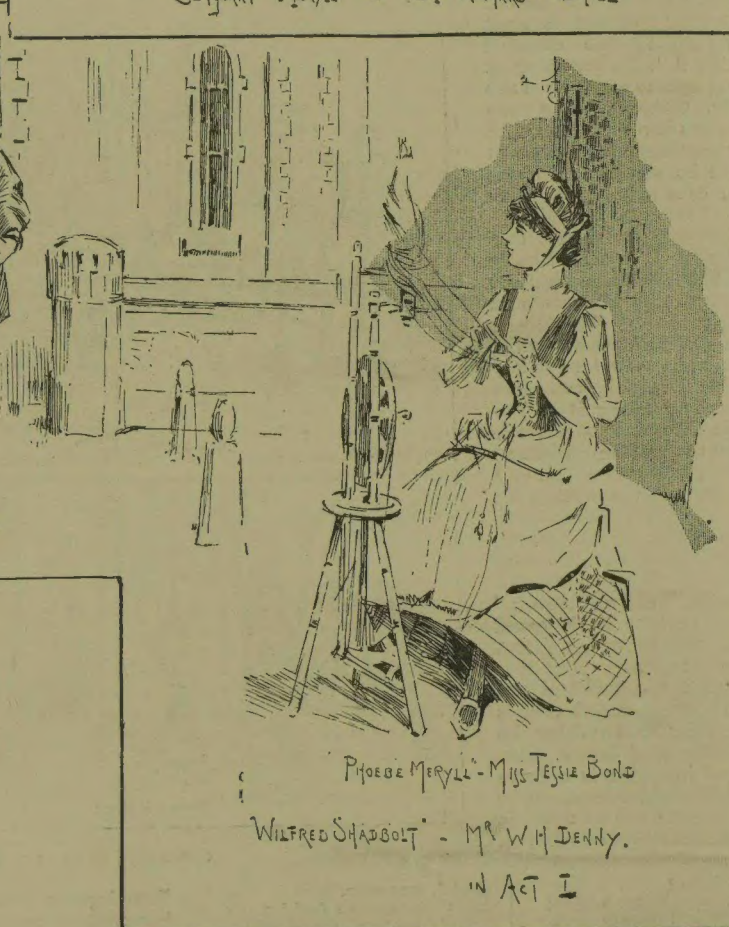
Pounds are a great acquisition to the company. Miss Ulmar has never to our recollection sung or acted so well. Her voice has improved in quality, and her dramatic rendering of the wedding scene was admirable. Many could have wished that Miss Rosina Brandram had a better part, or, at least, one song to enable her to show her taste and finish in simple vocalisation. Mr. Temple is as useful as ever, and the chorus is the finest that has been assembled at the Savoy for some considerable time. In fact, only the very critical will find fault. The musician will be more than delighted with all he hears; the mere playgoer will find it difficult to complain; the lover of delicate and dainty verse will be loud in praise of Mr. Gilbert's lyrics; and the opera will grow upon the public ear. Few who have seen it once will hesitate to seize an early occasion for hearing it again.

Some interesting dramatic events are looming in the future. Mr. Rutland Barrington opens the St. James's Theatre with "The Dean and his Daughter," dramatised by Mr. Sidney Grundy, from the novel by Mr. Phillips; Miss Caroline Hill, Miss Olga Nethersole, and Mr. Lewis Waller will be in the cast. On the following week the new Shaftesbury-Avenue Theatre will be opened with a grand performance of "As You Like It," cast with great care. Miss Wallis will be Rosalind; Miss Annie Rose, Celia; Mr. Arthur Stirling, Jaques; and Mr. Forbes Robertson, Orlando. Great pains will be taken with the music and the general scenery. The new theatre is a very large one, and will hold about 3000 persons. It is isolated, and can be emptied by innumerable doors in three minutes.

Captain Albers, of the Hamburg-American Company's steam-ship *Wieland*, has been made a Chevalier of the Dannebrog by the King of Denmark, for saving the lives of the passengers and crew of the *Thingvalla*, which foundered recently, after collision with the *Geiser* near New York.

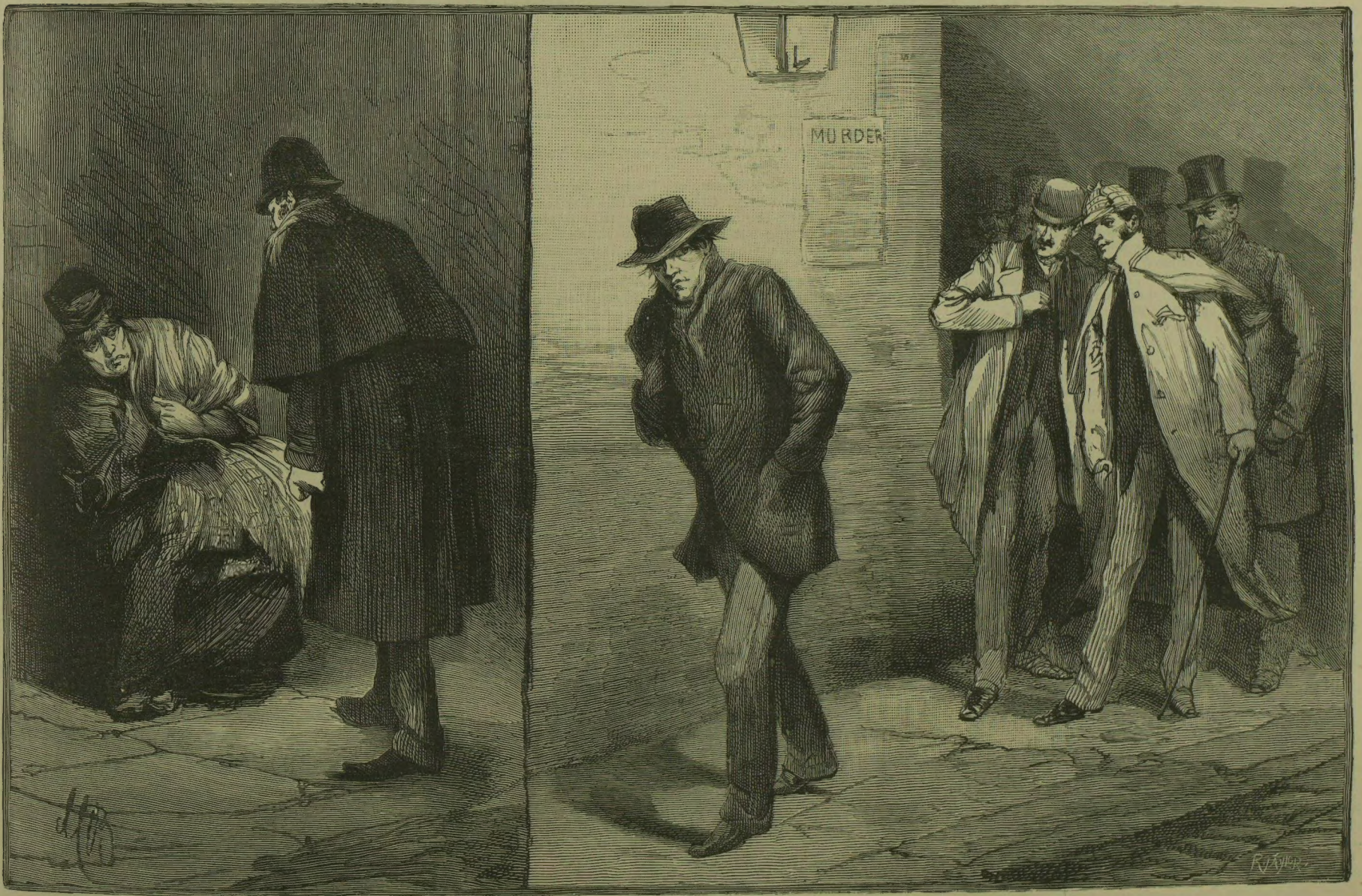
The late Mr. Octavius Morgan, Lord Tredgar's uncle, who sat in Parliament for Monmouthshire for nearly fifty years, has bequeathed his collection of clocks and watches to the British Museum. There are between sixty and seventy clocks, many of them of great value.

An account of fish seized during the month of September by the fish-meters appointed by the Fishmongers' Company at and near Billingsgate Market and on board boats lying off that place shows that the total quantity of fish condemned was 59 tons 10 cwt. This included whelks, 9 tons, 2 cwt.; whiting, 23 tons 5 cwt.; mussels, 8 tons 13 cwt.; periwinkles, 5 tons 8 cwt. 3 qr.; haddocks, 3 tons 1 cwt.; shrimps, 3 tons 0 cwt. 3 qr.; sprats, 1 ton; and herrings, 1 ton 7 cwt. The weight of fish delivered at and near Billingsgate Market during the month was 13,368 tons.





OUTCASTS SLEEPING IN SHEDS IN WHITECHAPEL.



HOMELESS.

A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.

WITH THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IN THE EAST-END.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Oct. 9.

President Carnot has been making another triumphal progress through his dominions, this time honouring Lyons with his presence. Now, Lyons is an independent Republican centre, where all opinions, even the most advanced, have their representatives—noisy representatives, too—ready to catch every war cry and word of order. Nevertheless, at Lyons, just as at Bordeaux and in Normandy, nobody says anything to President Carnot about the revision of the Constitution, but everybody says a great deal about local, industrial, commercial, and agricultural interests, and about the necessity of peace, stability, and steady labour. There is reason to believe that such is the true sentiment of the serious and laborious majority of Frenchmen. The cry of revision is that of the would-be disturbers of public order; it is the cry of the Extreme Left of the Chamber, raised purely in the interests of a Parliamentary and press campaign: it is the cry of the Boulangists. Such being the case, is it not astonishing to see M. Floquet—who is at the head of the Cabinet, and who assumes to be a statesman—joining in this revisionist clamour, hurrying on the movement, and depriving the legislative machine of its last counterpoise? M. Floquet thus lays himself open to charges of neglect of his duty towards his party and towards his country, and his fall becomes surer every day.

To make his situation still worse, M. Floquet has conceived the very inopportune idea of a decree obliging all foreigners residing or intending to reside on French territory to make a declaration at the police bureaux, and state their origin and means of existence, with documents to prove their identity. In France this decree has been most severely and unanimously blamed as being contrary to the spirit of French liberty and hospitality; it is also pronounced to be illegal, inapplicable, and useless, and its revocation by the Chamber is foretold to be inevitable. Meanwhile, since Oct. 4 the Prefecture of Police has been receiving the declarations of strangers at the rate of about four hundred a day; and, apart from the waste of time, the ordeal is not very terrible. Travellers, tourists, and passing visitors to France are not required to make any declaration; the decree, however, is silent as to the period of time during which a man may be considered to be a "passing visitor." That this decree is useless seems to be quite clear; that it is undignified and inopportune on the eve of the Universal Exhibition, and months after the German measures concerning Alsace-Lorraine, is also evident. That the Chamber will revoke the decree may be hoped. The number of foreigners resident in France amounts, according to recent statistics, to 1,100,000, of whom 36,000 are English. M. Floquet's decree is supposed to be directed against the Belgian and Italian workmen who abound in the French labour market; but, as has been pointed out by several, these foreign workmen are chiefly employed in work which the French workmen refuse.

The cold weather has set in here, and the beginning of winter has been notified to the observer of minute details by two phenomena—the appearance of furs in the Allée des Acacias, and the return of the Savoyards, who are now tranquilly roasting chestnuts in their familiar portable ovens at every street corner. A final and conclusive proof that the holidays are over is the fact that the terrible Boulanger has emerged from his summer hiding-place and resumed his cynical campaign. "We have no need of a political platform or programme," he said to an interviewer, the other day; "we have only to keep quiet and to take advantage of the mistakes of the Government."

The theatres continue to revive old pieces, as if there were really a diminution of creative energy in the dramatic world. At the Variétés we have a revival of Offenbach's "Barbe-Bleue," with Jeanne Granier in the rôle created by Schneider more than twenty years ago. At the Porte Saint-Martin, the old, old "Courrier de Lyon" has reappeared on the bill, with Paulin Menier in the rôle of Choppard, which he created, likewise, more than twenty years ago. Old as it is, the "Courrier de Lyon," with Paulin Menier, is one of the plays best worth seeing.

Paris has recently been gifted with a new public school for girls—the third, called Lycée Molière, and situated at Passy. These lycées, of which the idea dates only from 1880, are very popular, thanks to their healthy and joyous construction, and thanks also to their practical and unpretentious programme of study. The pupils, all out-students or day-boarders, aged from seven to seventeen, are taught morality, French language, literature, and history, general history and geography, natural history, physics, chemistry, arithmetic, drawing, vocal music, one modern language, English or German, gymnastics, and practical dressmaking. The cost of this course of study is £10 a year for the pupil from seven to twelve, £14 for the pupils from twelve to seventeen years of age, and £34 for the day-boarders. Each of these lycées has from sixteen to twenty professors, nearly all women. The new Lycée Molière has cost the Government to build £80,000.

The newspaper statistics of Paris inform us that at the beginning of the present year there existed 1648 periodical publications, comprising 94 political journals, 56 literary, 66 illustrated, 16 diplomatic or economic, 17 assurance, 63 Catholic, 21 Protestant, 2 Israelite, 24 Freemasonry, 27 military, 25 sporting, 146 financial, 85 commercial, 20 theatrical, 84 legal, and 60 fashion journals. The reviews comprised 83 political and literary, 134 medical, 128 fine arts, engineering, and technology, 71 scientific, 72 pedagogic, 34 civil service and administration, 43 agriculture and horticulture, 32 bibliography. In 1887 there were created 493 new periodical publications, of which 243 perished before the end of the year.

Through the death of Gustave Boulanger there is a vacancy at the Institut de France in the fine-arts section. The candidates are the painters Henner, Jean Paul Laurens, Carolus Duran, Lefevre, and Puvion de Chavannes. T. C.

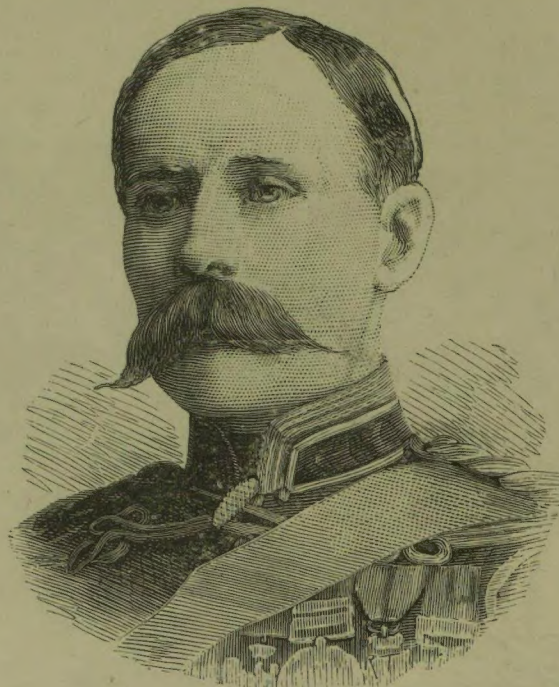
The King of Portugal arrived on Oct. 7 at Barcelona, where he stayed for a few days; his Majesty afterwards visiting Madrid.

A banquet in honour of Mr. De Keyser, the Lord Mayor of London, was given on Oct. 9 in the Townhall, Brussels. Among those present were the Belgian Minister of Public Works and Lord Vivian, the British Minister in Belgium.

The Czar and Czarina have received several deputations from the Caucasian tribes, and have made several excursions to surrounding districts. Their Majesties have paid a visit to Batoum, being present at the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a new orthodox cathedral. They afterwards left for Tiflis.—The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Sergius and the Grand Duke Paul of Russia and suite have arrived at Beyrout, and are travelling in Syria, the arrangements being under the superintendence of Mr. T. A. Cook.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

It will be remembered that we published the Portrait of Captain H. B. Urmston, of the 6th Punjaub Infantry, who was killed, with Major Battye, of the 5th Ghorkas, on June 18, in the Agror valley, near the Oghi outpost beyond Abbotabad, in a conflict with the revolted Akhalzai tribe of the Black



THE LATE CAPT. C. H. H. BELEY, 25TH BENGAL LIGHT INFANTRY, Killed on the Black Mountain, North-west Frontier of India.

Mountain. Abbotabad is the frontier military station in the Hazara district, which is situated to the north of Rawul Pindi, in the Punjaub, and to the east of Peshawur. The mountain range overlooking this district, and called "the Black Mountain," is infested by fanatical and hostile tribes, whose incursions have often given some trouble to the British Indian Government. An expedition to punish the enemy,



MAP OF THE BLACK MOUNTAIN, HAZARA DISTRICT, NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA.

commanded by General M'Queen, set forth in the first days of October; the first column to move up the Kaikart Ridge and on to Chittabut; the second column to Barachar and Bampur Gali, throwing out a regiment to Nimla, and thus connecting itself with General M'Queen, commanding the third column, which would move up the Sumbalbut spur, and thence across the ridge to Seri. The fourth, or river column, the objective of which was Kotkai, advanced eight miles



COLONEL THOMAS GRAHAM, R.A., Commanding the Sikkim Force in the War with Thibet.

along the Indus, driving off the enemy from the intervening ridge with shells, and the enemy lost five killed. On Oct. 5 the first three columns occupied the ridge and the fourth seized Kotkai. The first column lost two men killed and two wounded; the third column lost five wounded. The fourth met with the severest opposition. After

the Royal Irish Regiment had carried the enemy's position, about two miles from Kotkai, some Ghazi fanatics delivered a counter-charge, but were repulsed and killed to a man. Captain Beley, D.S.O., of the staff (a most promising officer), one native officer, two privates of the Royal Irish Regiment, and one Sepoy were killed; and Captain Radford, Lieutenant Cleeve, eleven European privates, and one Sepoy were wounded. The enemy's loss amounted to about 200. The advance of the third column was delayed by the non-arrival of the baggage. Colonel Crookshank, C.B., commanding the fourth, or river, column, was wounded on the 5th while making a reconnaissance. On the 9th, the first column was five miles to the north of Chittabut, while the third column had burnt the enemy's villages on the western side of the mountains.

The Portrait of Captain Beley, of the 25th Bengal Light Infantry, appears on this page. Charles Harold Hepworth Beley, a near relative of the Rev. C. Beley, Vicar of Manningtree, Essex, was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, in Devonshire; as a boy he was always bright and cheery, full of pluck and animal spirits, but thoroughly steady and reliable. He was one of the most promising young officers of the Indian Army, had served in the Afghan War, taking part in the famous march from Cabul to Candahar, and in the battle of Candahar, when he was mentioned in despatches. He had passed the Staff College, and had certificates of proficiency in Pushtu (the language of the Afghans), Punjaubi, and Russian. He was for some time attached to the Indian Intelligence Department, where his attainments were fully recognised both by Sir Charles MacGregor and Sir Frederick Roberts. He accompanied Sir Frederick Roberts to Mandalay, and was in 1887 appointed Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General in the Punjaub Frontier Force. A private letter received from him at the time says, "Am I not lucky to get the post? It suits me admirably, and General M'Queen is a first-rate man to serve under." He was busily engaged, amongst other things, in sorting a collection of General MacGregor's papers, when he was posted to the Black Mountain Expedition.

Colonel A. C. W. Crookshank, C.B., who has been severely wounded, served many years at army headquarters, and since May, 1887, has been in command of the 34th Pioneers. He commands a column of the Hazara Expeditionary Force. Colonel Crookshank served in the Jowaki Expedition and in the Afghan War, for which he was made a brevet Lieutenant-Colonel.

In connection with the affair of June 18, when Captain Urmston and Major Battye were killed, the name of the brave native officer, a Subahdar of a Ghorka regiment, who behaved with conspicuous gallantry on that occasion, was incorrectly spelt in our notice accompanying his Portrait. It should have been printed "Kishenbir Nagarkoti." For this correction, and for other interesting information, we are indebted to Colonel W. T. Stuart, of Balmoral Lodge, a retired officer of the Bengal Staff Corps, who was military interpreter to the Sappers and Miners during sixteen years, and held important posts on the staff in the Afghan Campaign.

THE SIKKIM FIELD-FORCE.

Some account of the hostilities which have arisen between the Government of British India and the singularly sequestered nation of Thibet, on the mountain frontier of Sikkim, to the north of Darjeeling and Bhotan, within a few hundred miles of Calcutta, has been given in this Journal. The officer commanding the field-force engaged in these operations, Brigadier-General Graham, who has returned to the new fort of Gnatong, in Sikkim, after his advance with little opposition into the Chumbi valley, merits further notice, and we are enabled this week to present a Portrait of him. Colonel Thomas Graham, of the Royal Artillery, is the youngest surviving son of the late General Joseph Graham, of the Bengal Army. He entered the Service in the year 1858. He served on the North-west Frontier at the last Black Mountain Campaign, for which he has the medal; and throughout the Afghan Campaign, including the capture of Cabul and the march to Candahar, receiving the medal and bronze cross. He has recently served in Burmah, whence he had hardly returned when he was selected for the command of the Sikkim Expeditionary Force. He is brother of Vice-Admiral Graham, R.N., now residing at Kingston, Surrey.

OUTCASTS AT THE EAST-END.

The repeated horrible murders and mutilations of the dead, perpetrated in the dark nooks and corners of a wretched quarter in the vicinity of Whitechapel and Spitalfields, with the failure of the police either to detect the criminal or to guard against the commission of these atrocities, have excited much alarm. Various suggestions have been offered in the correspondence of the daily newspapers, or submitted to Sir Charles Warren, the Chief Commissioner of Police; and it has even been proposed that the keen scent of bloodhounds should be employed to track the retreating path of the murderer. A local "Vigilance Committee" has been formed to watch the neighbourhood of low lodging-houses, and the lonely courts and alleys, where the miserable female victims of the indescribable cruelties that have shocked the public mind are stated to have been accustomed nightly to resort. One of our Artists, having accompanied such an exploration of the dismal haunts of a degraded class of the city population, amongst whom, it may be charitably hoped, not a few are comparatively innocent of crime or vice, presents Sketches of the figures and groups that he has seen, which, in any case, must appeal to humane feelings of regret and earnest desire to check the downward course of so many of our fellow-creatures in the foul places of great and mighty London.

The Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, which has been closed for several weeks, will be reopened on Sunday, Oct. 14.

A Papal Bull has reached Dublin, appointing the Very Rev. Michael Comerford, Monasterevan, Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

The King of the Hellenes, accompanied by the Crown Prince of Denmark, arrived on Oct. 8 at Athens, where they were heartily welcomed by the inhabitants.

A reconnaissance in force was made at Souakim on Oct. 8. The Egyptians lost two men killed and twenty-five wounded. It is believed that the enemy suffered severely.

On Oct. 9 the thirteenth annual show of the British Dairy Farmers' Association was commenced at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and was a decided success. Her Majesty carried off two first-class prizes.

A shelter capable of accommodating three hundred homeless waifs was opened on Oct. 8 at 39, Mile End-road, Whitechapel. This is an important addition to the vast system of charitable relief for which the East-End of London is becoming quite as remarkable as for its poverty.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION UP THE CONGO AND ARUWIMI.

This present contribution of notes and Illustrations of a deeply-interesting subject brings us up to the time when Mr. Herbert Ward came down to the coast with news and despatches for the London chiefs of the Emin Bey Expedition. On Feb. 4, this year, at the Aruwimi Camp, he writes: "Jameson's third anniversary of his marriage. We were not able to do much in the celebration line. The Arabs started firing at early dawn, and then set on fire the village they attacked. It was a pretty, if sad, sight to see the place burning; I have sketched it (No. 1) for you. The Arabs killed eight men, and brought in the head of one who must have been a fine fellow. Jameson and I sketched it, and we shall pickle, salt, and preserve it, so that the head can be mounted. Another head they lost—dropped it in the river. The unhappy natives in hundreds took to their canoes and made for up-stream, but are being slaughtered by the Arabs, who occupy an island in the midst of almost impassable rapids."

Looking over Ward's letters and notes at about this date, I am increasingly impressed with the difficulties Major Barttelot had to surmount in the management of his camp. The scarcity of food and the demoralisation of a long-delayed advance, together with the slave-hunting raids of neighbouring Arabs, made the maintenance of discipline less easy as it became more important. Mr. Stanley's military officer in command at Aruwimi seems to have been forced into severely punishing his insubordinate followers. "Bangari" writes Ward, "who stole some goat-meat, and who had 200 lashes with a chicotte, and who has to parade daily in heavy chains for punishment, has grown tired of it, and succeeded in getting away with his guard's gun and twelve rounds of ammunition. He is a very hardened scoundrel, and I should not be surprised if he has concealed himself near by in the forest, so as to have a shot at one of us as we walk up and down in the evening outside the fort. A search-party is being sent out after him."

The Arabs in their raids do not have it all their own way. They fall now and then, and after the fighting are used to furnish forth cannibalistic feasts. Providence, however, is most frequently, it would seem, on their side. There are no incidents more pathetic in the history of slave-dealing than the inhuman huntings and burnings, and human captures of the Arabs in Central Africa. But once in a way the slave-catchers meet with their deserts. "Feb. 5, Sunday," Ward writes: "This morning some of the raiders came down from up-river, with news of a defeat of ten of their number, cut to pieces by the natives, who sought refuge in their canoes above the rapids. Selim and his men started off, some by the bank and some in canoes, to continue their awful work up-river; they returned in the evening, having only killed two natives." On the next day Selim informed Ward that the natives, 200 and more, had escaped in the darkness down the river. Two canoes had not got away, and he was able to kill two of their occupants. Arriving at the spot where his ten men had fallen, he found their fingers tied in strings to the scrub of the river-bank, and some cooking-pots containing portions of their limbs and bones. Selim's men were of the Manyema tribe, referred to in previous notes. It was a Manyema, according to the telegrams, who shot Barttelot. The Illustration No. 11 is a portrait of one of Tippoo Tib's slave-catchers. I gather, here and there, in the letters from Ward, suggestions something in the nature of surprise at the delay of the advance on the ground that the Manyema men, having taken Barttelot and the rest on to a given point, might have raided and hunted in new ground, and, no doubt, have obtained much spoil of slaves and ivory. All the more does this, by inference, lay the blame of the delay on Tippoo Tib, who could, one cannot help thinking, have compelled a forward march within a reasonable time. Major Barttelot went on, at last, beset with many unexpected difficulties.

The horrors of the Arab slave-trade have been described with a powerful and sympathetic pen by Stanley in all his books on the Congo. It was his first revelations in this direction that stimulated General Gordon's desire to go to the Congo country and "serve with and under" Stanley. My friend Ward frequently refers to the ghastly trade in his letters, and one of his latest drawings (No. 16) gives gruesome and pathetic point to the subject. "There are many slave women," Ward says, "with the Manyema people." The entire country seems to be more or less in a continual ferment of warlike trouble, largely the result of the Arab raids. There are tribal wars, of course; but the diplomatic skill and kindly influences of capable and experienced Englishmen would, in many cases, be able to make peace and, in time, to establish friendship on mutual conditions of self-interest. That there are millions of natives in Central Africa capable of the ameliorating influences of civilisation has been sufficiently shown by Livingstone, Speke, Grant, Stanley, and others; and the Illustrations of what may almost be called their art industries show that many of the tribes possess both instinct and capacity of a high order in this direction. I have in my possession many very remarkable examples of Congo carpentry, basketwork, wood-carving, and pottery. Some of them were illustrated in my first series of papers founded upon the letters of my Congo correspondent. The page of pictures in this week's *Illustrated London News* gives further and very notable examples of native work, chiefly from the Aruwimi and in the neighbourhood of the camp where Stanley left his followers to collect fresh supplies and men. Even the bloodthirsty Manyemas, it appears, are adepts in weaving, and one pauses to remark that their ferocity has been stimulated by their Arab associations. Free from Arab attack, they, more or less, pay for this immunity from persecution by becoming persecutors and murderers of their own account: they carry on an active slave-hunting business for the Arabs. "I send you," says Ward (Feb. 25), "a sketch of a Manyema making grass-cloth (No. 7), showing the hand-loom process. This Manyema was one of my visitors, and he and others were much amused with a jumping-jack I had made out of cardboard."

During the first few weeks of March, Ward appears to have occupied most of his leisure ("and how we all hate this nothing-to-do, and want to get on," he says) in securing examples of "native utensils, chairs, pots, jars, &c.," many of which are engraved in the Illustrations accompanying these present notes. Among them it is curious to note a pair of "lemon-squeezers" (Group 13), used for pressing the juice from the mtungü fruit, which is about 3 inches long, has a thick scarlet skin, is transparent, and has black seeds. A "toilet-case" is another notable suggestion of civilisation, not to mention a salt-strainer, and many pieces of daintily decorated pottery (14). The curious knife (shaped rather like the head of a large hornbill) was 19 inches long down to the goat-horn handle; its greatest width 16½ inches from point to point. It came from a native tribe somewhere on the Congo above Monungeri. A

Soudanese sergeant told Ward that he had seen the same kind of knife among a tribe in the Soudan and that the weapon is "thrown somewhat on the principle of the boomerang." The Babulu knife taken from a village two hours below Yambuya, on the Aruwimi, by the Arabs, is no doubt purely an agricultural or jungle implement. The bowl (No. 15) was bought by Ward from the Manyema men at Yambuya, Feb. 2, 1883. It is 8 inches long and 8 inches wide, and is carved from a solid piece of soft wood.

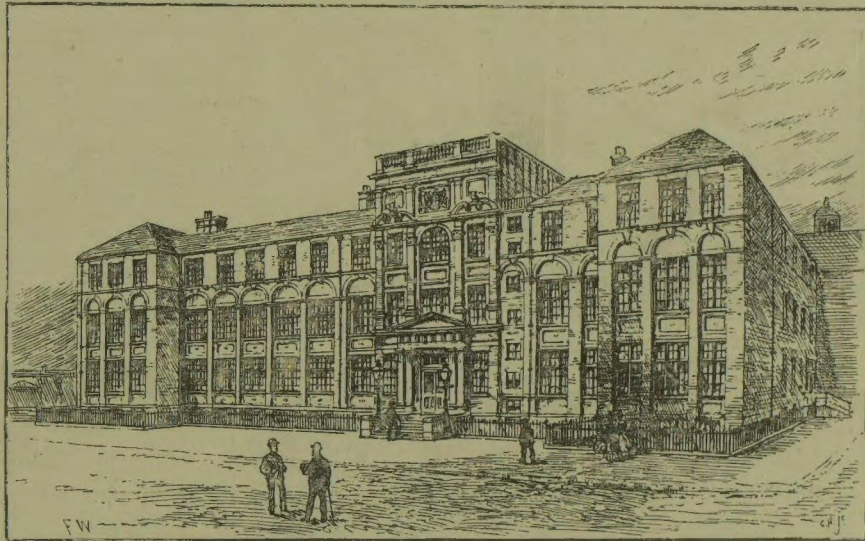
On March 24 Major Barttelot decided to send Ward to the coast with despatches and cable messages for the committee in London. "I am to start in five days," Ward writes to me in notes and letters which he himself carried to the coast with his official despatches. On this same March 24 he writes:—"Barttelot returned from the Falls, Jameson gone to Kanongo. Both have been very ill at the Falls, and, indeed, Barttelot looks awfully bad; very sorry for him." Five days later, Ward started, and made a remarkably quick journey to Boma, where he arrived April 28. His adventures by the way were numerous and occasionally full of peril, one incident of which is suggested (No. 10) in a sketch—reminiscent of the N'ombo River, Bangala. In a letter posted to me at the end of his journey he has a sad note of reflection:—"What fatality there seems to be connected with all the Europeans who have had to go to the Falls!—1st, Bruny shot himself; 2nd, a Belgian officer died on his way up; 3rd, Werter, who went home very ill; 4th, Deane, who underwent awful perils; 5th, Dubois, who was drowned; 6th, Vanderwelde, who died the other day at Leopoldville, en route for the Falls; 7th, Spelmann, his companion, got sick and had to go home to save his life; 8th, Amelot, who died on his way to Zanzibar."

Since Ward jotted down these sorrowful notes, his friend Deane (who came out of a quiet retreat to shake hands with him en route to the coast) has died; Barttelot has been assassinated; and his genial, clever comrade Jameson has succumbed to fever, brought on, no doubt, by anxiety, scarcity of food, and hard work.

JOSEPH HATTON.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

We gladly hail a fresh occasion to congratulate Sir Edmund Hay Currie and the other Beaumont Trustees—among whom are Mr. Spencer Charrington, M.P., the Rev. S. A. Barnett, Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. T. Dyer Edwardes, the Hon. C. W. Fremantle, Mr. Henry Green, Mr. E. S. Norris, M.P., the Rev. Harry Jones, Mr. S. Montagu, M.P., Mr. Albert Spicer, and



NEW TECHNICAL SCHOOLS AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END-ROAD.

Mr. F. Young—on the progress of this noble institution. In addition to the grand Queen's Hall and Concert-room, the Art Gallery and Exhibitions, the admirable Library and reading-rooms, the Gymnasium, the swimming-bath, the various classes for instruction and clubs for recreation freely organised in connection with the People's Palace, its founders have, by the liberality of the Drapers' Company, been enabled to establish Technical Schools, where thousands in that populous district will be able to improve their minds and perfect themselves in arts, sciences, and handicrafts. The formal ceremony of opening the new schools was performed on Oct. 5, by the Master (Mr. J. H. Daniell), assisted by the Wardens and Court of Assistants of the Company. The object of the school is to develop a boy's whole faculties by means of a systematic course of technical and manual training. It is not intended to teach a trade, but simply to provide for each boy an education for both head and hand. The instruction that will be imparted is not of a theoretical character only, but will be accompanied by daily systematic practice in the school workshops, five in number, which are well fitted with benches, iron and wood-turning lathes, drilling and planing machines, and other needful tools and appliances. There are nine class-rooms, which are well ventilated and lighted, in which instruction can be received in the various handicrafts at the rate of 6d. per week, or 5s. a quarter. In addition to these there is the lecture theatre, which will be utilised every evening throughout the winter months. A special feature of the schools is the photographic studio, where every branch of the art will be taught. The schools will be equal to the wants of 5000 evening students in the present winter session, which began on Monday, Oct. 8. The classes are open to both sexes and all ages.

The following enumeration of the subjects taught will show, better than further general remarks, the wide scope and diversity of instruction. The Industrial, or practical trade classes, are those of tailors' cutting, upholstery, cutting and drapery, cabinet-making, plumbing, filing, fitting, turning, pattern-making, moulding, carpentry and joinery, plumbing, wood-carving, hand-rail and staircase work, boot and shoe-making, mechanical engineering, tool and instrument making, electrical engineering, laboratory, printing, etching, photography, telegraphy, metal-chasing and repoussé work. The Science classes teach mathematics, in two stages, plane and solid geometry, theoretical mechanics, elementary and advanced, physics, sound, light, and heat, inorganic chemistry, theoretic and practical, magnetism and electricity, steam and the steam-engine, building construction and drawing, machine construction and drawing. The Art and Design classes are those of freehand and model drawing, perspective drawing, geometrical drawing, and drawing from the antique, decorative designing, modelling in clay, wood-carving, chasing, and etching. The geometry class is open at half-fee to students of any other science, art, or technical classes. The commercial classes teach arithmetic of

several grades, and book-keeping; while for a sound general education, and for language and literature, there are writing classes, with the addition of Pitman's shorthand, grammar and composition, elocution, Shakespeare, French and German, each with a special department of commercial correspondence, and classes of preparation for the Civil Service examinations, and for matriculation at the London University. It cannot be denied that a diligent course of study in a few of these general, literary, science and art classes, judiciously proportioned, might give a far better education than is to be obtained for £200 a year at certain great public schools resorted to by the sons of gentlemen and noblemen; the schoolmaster is now at the East-End, and the West-End must keep up with the improving standard of popular instruction. There are music classes, also, in which singing, elementary, advanced, and choral, is taught; the pianoforte, the violin, and the instruments of an orchestra, and those of a military band in concert. The special classes for females only are occupied with plain needlework, garment-making, dress-making, millinery, art needlework, and cookery; and there is a separate class for Jewesses. Besides the above classes, forming what may be styled the People's Palace College, there is a day school of technical and handicraft preparatory teaching for boys, twelve years of age, who have passed the Fifth Standard in any elementary school. We would draw public attention to a neat little volume, compiled by Mr. Robert Mitchell, the "Calendar and Syllabus" of the People's Palace Technical Schools, published by Messrs. Thomas Poulter and Sons, which may be had also at the office of the People's Palace in Mile End-road. It sets forth with minute exactness all the details of school construction and subsequent examination, and the subjects of popular lectures to be delivered in the coming winter. This volume contains a series of plans of the apartments in the different floors of the new buildings erected for the Technical Schools, on the east side of the Queen's Hall. They do much credit to the architect of the People's Palace, Mr. E. R. Robson, of Palace-chambers, Bridge-street, Westminster, who also designed the Queen's Hall and the Library. The cost of the buildings hitherto erected by the Beaumont Trustees has been paid; but an appeal is made for additional funds to complete the whole scheme of the People's Palace.

TILTING AT THE RING.

The picture by Mr. Louis Gunnis, called "A Moment of Interest," which represents a trooper on horseback, displaying his skill, at a roadside inn, in the feat of tilting at the ring, is a work of considerable merit. It has this year won the prize given, by the late Mr. Cressy, for the best study for a picture, to be competed for by the members of the Lambeth Sketching Club. The artist is to be congratulated on a success which was deserved, as Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., kindly acted as judge.

"DISCRETION THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR."

The humorous representation of animals in a mood of excitement is one of Mr. Briton Rivière's special gifts of talent. This little girl, as the nursery proverb says, is too timid "to say Bo to a goose"; and she may well be terrified by the fierce attack of half-a-dozen of those strong birds, each nearly as big as herself, angrily hissing and menacing with their formidable beaks her plump and naked legs. The cause of their displeasure seems to have been some indiscretion of her pet dog, which has no doubt been chasing them, and barking at them, in the adjacent field, where the grave elders of the flock are seen awaiting the infliction of a judicial sentence of severe punishment on the canine offender. We cannot deny that the affectionate child has acted bravely in snatching up her favourite to carry him away to a place of safety. She is unfortunately not tall enough to reach the latch of the door; but it is to be hoped that somebody, aroused by the clamour of the geese, will open the door to her from within.

The old Theatre Royal, Dundee (which had been renovated and was to be opened on Monday, Oct. 8), was destroyed by fire on the morning of Oct. 6.

Mr. Corney Grain's new musical sketch, at St. George's Hall, advertised for production on Monday, Oct. 8, has been unavoidably postponed to Monday, Oct. 15.

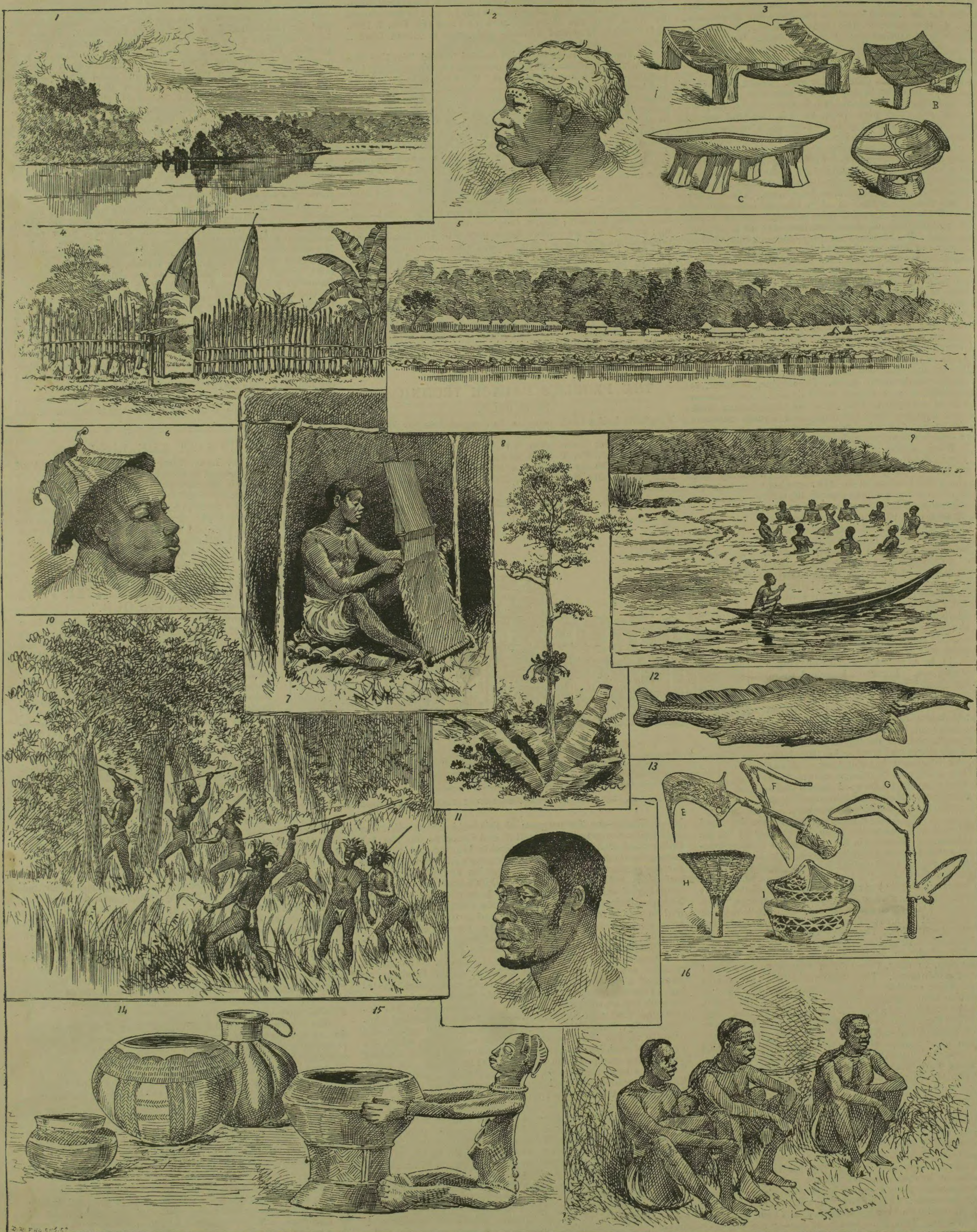
Mr. Alderman Whitehead, the Lord Mayor-Elect, has stated that, while he desires that the procession on Nov. 9 shall be worthy of the Corporation, he is opposed to circus displays, "which neither accord with his tastes nor with the dignity of the City." Should the cost be less than usual he proposes to give the surplus to the poor.

The Governors of Christ's Hospital have given notice that during the month of October they are prepared to pay 700 pensions of £10 each to blind persons. Persons who have never occupied a higher position in life than labourers or journeymen, or domestic and menial servants, or who have been common beggars, or who have at any time received parish relief, will not be eligible for the benefits of the charity.

The autumnal meetings of the Congregational Union of England and Wales were opened at Nottingham on Oct. 8 by a devotional service conducted in Castle-gate Chapel by the Rev. T. Morley Wright, of Lewisham. A sermon was preached by Dr. Elmslie. About a thousand ministers and delegates have attended the meetings extending over the week. Delegates have been entertained by the Mayor, who on the 12th unveiled the statue of the late Mr. Samuel Morley in the town.

The Goldsmiths' Company have made a proposal to the Charity Commissioners for the foundation and endowment of an Industrial and Recreative Institute at New-cross. From the surplus of the City charities it is intended that the Commissioners shall set apart £2500 a year, to which the Company will add an endowment of a similar amount. Subject to the approval of Parliament, the Commissioners have accepted the scheme. Mr. Spicer estimates the value of the Company's gift at £85,000.

The Registrar-General's returns for the week ending Oct. 6 show that in London 2413 births and 1352 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 300, and the deaths 106, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 39 from measles, 24 from scarlet fever, 35 from diphtheria, 5 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 8 from enteric fever, 72 from diarrhoea and dysentery. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had increased in the five preceding weeks from 130 to 213, further rose last week to 239, but were 11 below the corrected average. Eight cases of suicide were registered.



1. Burning of M'Gunga's village by the Arab slave-raiders.

2. A native of Yangambi (brown monkey-skin hat, streaked with patches of light yellow).

3. Native chairs on the Aruwimi Rapids (Babulu's): A. 18 inches long, soft wood, light colour. B. 18 inches square, hard red wood. C. 16 inches square, light soft wood. D. 9 inches diameter.

4. Gateway in stockade of camp.

6. Juna Makengeza, our cook.

8. Staghorn-fern on tree at Yambuya camp.

10. Hostile natives, N'Imbo River, Bangala (Ward's canoe-voyage).

11. Kalema, of Banga, near Nyangwe (one of Tippoo Tib's slave-catchers).

12. Fish of Upper Congo, resembling elephant fish of Lower Congo.

5. Site of Old Stanley Falls station.

7. Grass-cloth-making by hand-loom.

9. Fishing.

13. E. Babulu knife. F. Adze, 5 inches long. G. Native knife, 19 inches long. H. Strainer, 4-inch high, used in salt-making. I. Lemon-squeezer used for pressing mtungü.

14. Native pottery, Aruwimi Rapids.

15. Bowl bought from Manyema men at Yambuya.

16. Slaves tied together.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION UP THE CONGO AND ARUWIMI.

SKETCHES BY MR. HERBERT WARD, A COMPANION OF MR. H. M. STANLEY.



TILTING AT THE RING: "A MOMENT OF INTEREST."

CESSY PRIZE DRAWING AT THE LAMBETH SCHOOL OF ART.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBRAN,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BEFORE THE ASSIZE.



we sat down and waited. 'Twas all that we could do. Day after day we went to the prison, where my mother sat by my father, whose condition never changed in the least, being always that of one who slept, or, if his eyes were open, was unconscious, and, though he might utter a few rambling words, had no command of his mind or of his speech. Wherefore we hoped that he suffered nothing. "Twas a musket ball had struck," the surgeon said, "in his backbone between the shoulders, whereby his powers of motion and of thought were suspended." I know not whether anyone attempted to remove the ball, or whether it was lodged there

at all, because I am ignorant of such matters; and to me, whether he had been struck in the back or no, it was to my mind sure and certain that the Lord had granted my father's earnest prayer that he should again be permitted to deliver openly the message that was upon his soul; nay, had given him three weeks of continual and faithful preaching, the fruits of which, could we perceive them, should be abundant. That prayer granted, the Lord, I thought, was calling him to rest. Therefore, I looked for no improvement.

One other letter came from Robin, inclosing one for me, with which (because I could not leave my mother at such a time) I was forced to stay my soul, as the lover in the Canticle stayeth his soul with apples. I have that letter still; it hath been with me always; it lay hanging from my neck in the little leathern bag in which I carried the Duke's ring; I read it again and again, until I knew it by heart; yet still I read it again, because even to look at my lover's writing had in it something of comfort even when things were at their worst, and Egyptian darkness lay upon my soul. But this letter I cannot endure to copy out or suffer others to read it, because it was written for mine own eye in such a time of trouble. "Oh! my love!" he said. "Oh, my tender heart!" and then a hundred prayers for my happiness, and tears for my tears, and hopes for the future (which would be not the earthly life but the future reserved by merciful Heaven for those who have been called and chosen). As for the sharp and painful passage by which we must travel from this world to the next, Robin bade me take no thought of that at all, but to think of him either as my lover walking with me as of old beside the stream at home, or as a spirit waiting for me to join him in the heavenly choir. And so ending with as many farewells (the letter being written when he expected the Judges to arrive and the Assize to begin) as showed his tender love for me. No—I cannot write down this letter for the eyes of all to read. There are things which must be kept hidden in our own hearts; and, without doubt, every woman to whom good fortune hath given a lover such as Robin, with a heart as fond and a pen as ready (though he could never, like Humphrey, write sweet verses) hath received an epistle or two like unto mine for its love and tenderness, but (I hope) without the sadness of impending death.

It was four weeks after we were brought to Ilminster that the news came to us of the coming trials. There were five Judges—but the world knows but of one, namely, George, Lord Jeffreys, Chief Justice of England—and now, indeed, we began to understand the true misery of our situation. For everyone knew the character of the Judge, who, though a young man still, was already the terror alike of prisoners, witnesses, and juries. It promised to be a black and bloody Assize indeed, since this man was to be the Judge.

The aspect of the prison by this time was changed. The songs and merriment, the horseplay, and loud laughter by which the men had at first endeavoured to keep up their hearts were gone. The country lads pined and languished in confinement; their cheeks grew pale and their eyes heavy. Then, the prison was so crowded that there was barely room for all to lie at night, and the yard was too small for all to walk therein by day. In the morning, though they opened all the shutters, the air was so foul that in going into it from the open, one felt sick and giddy, and was sometimes fain to run out and drink cold water. Oh! the terrible place for an old man such as Sir Christopher! Yet he endured without murmuring the foulness and the hardness, comforting the sick, still reproving blasphemers, and setting an example of cheerfulness. The wounded men all died, I believe; which, as the event proved, was lucky for them. It would have saved the rest much suffering had they all died as well. And to think that this was only one of many prisons thus crowded with poor captives! At Wells, Philip's Norton, Shepton Mallet, Bath, Bridgwater, Taunton, Ilchester, Somerton, Langport, Bristol, and Exeter, there was a like assemblage of poor wretches thus awaiting their trials.

I said that there was now little singing. There was, however, drinking enough, and more than enough. They drank to drown their sorrows, and to forget the horrid place in which they lay and the future which awaited them. When they were drunk, they would bellow some of their old songs; but the bawling of a drunkard will not communicate to his companions the same joy as the music of a merry heart.

While we were expecting to hear that the Judge had arrived at Salisbury, the fever broke out in the prison of Ilminster. At Wells they were afflicted with the small-pox, but at Ilminster it was jail-fever which fell upon the poor prisoners. Everybody hath heard of this terrible disorder, which is communicated by those who have it to those who go among them—namely, to the warders and turnkeys, and even to the judges and the juries. On the first day after it broke out—which was with an extraordinary virulence—four poor men died and were buried the next morning. After this, no day passed but there were funerals at the churchyard, and the mounds of their graves—the graves of these poor countrymen who thought to fight the battles of the Lord—stood side

by side in a long row, growing continually longer. We—that is, good Mrs. Prior and myself—sat at the window and watched the funerals, praying for the safety of those we loved.

So great was the fear of infection in the town that no one was henceforth allowed within the prison, nor were the warders allowed to come out of it. This was a sad order for me, because my mother chose to remain within the prison, finding a garret at the house of the Chief Constable, and I could no longer visit that good old man, Sir Christopher, whose only pleasure left had been to converse with me daily, and, as I now understand, by the refreshment the society of youth brings to age, to lighten the tedium of his imprisonment.

Henceforth, therefore, I went to the prison-door every morning and sent in my basket of provisions, but was not suffered to enter; and though I could have speech with my mother or with Barnaby, they were on one side the bars and I on the other.

It was at this time that I made the acquaintance of Mr. George Penne. This creature—a villain, as I afterwards discovered, of the deepest dye—was to external appearance a grave and sober merchant. He was dressed in brown cloth and laced shirt, and carried a gold-headed stick in his hand. He came to Ilminster about the end of August or the beginning of September, and began to inquire particularly into the names and the circumstances of the prisoners, pretending (such was his craftiness) a great tenderness for their welfare. He did the same thing, we heard afterwards, wherever the Monmouth prisoners were confined. At Ilminster, the fever being in the jail, he did not venture within, but stood outside and asked of any who seemed to know, who were the prisoners within, and what were their circumstances.

He accosted me one morning when I was standing at the wicket waiting for my basket to be taken in.

"Madam," he said, "you are doubtless a friend of some poor prisoner. Your father or your brother may unhappily be lying within?"

Now I was grown somewhat cautious by this time. Wherefore, fearing some kind of snare or trap, I replied gravely, that such, indeed, might be the case.

"Then, Madam," he said, speaking in a soft voice and looking full of compassion, "if that be so, suffer me, I pray you, to wish him a happy deliverance; and this, indeed, from the bottom of my heart."

"Sir," I said, moved by the earnestness of his manner, "I know not who you may be, but I thank you. Such a wish, I hope, will not procure you the reward of a prison. Sir, I wish you a good day."

So he bowed and left me, and passed on.

But next day I found him in the same place. And his eyes were more filled with compassion than before and his voice was softer.

"I cannot sleep, Madam," he said, "for thinking of these poor prisoners; I hear that among them is none other than Sir Christopher Challis, a gentleman of great esteem and well stricken in years. And there is also the pious and learned—but most unfortunate—Dr. Comfort Eykin, who rode with the army and preached daily, and is now, I hear, grievously wounded and bedridden."

"Sir," I said, "Dr. Comfort Eykin is my father. It is most true that he is a prisoner, and that he is wounded."

He heaved a deep sigh and wiped a tear from his eyes.

"It is now certain," he said, "that Lord Jeffreys will come down to conduct the trials. Nay, it is reported that he has already arrived at Salisbury, breathing fire and revenge, and that he hath with him four other Judges and a troop of horse. What they will do with so many prisoners I know not. I fear that it will go hard with all; but, as happens in such cases, those who have money, and know how to spend it, may speedily get their liberty."

"How are they to spend it?"

"Why, Madam, it is not indeed to be looked for that you should know. But when the time comes for the trial, should I, as will very likely happen, be in the way, send for me, and whatever the sentence I warrant we shall find a way to 'scape it—even if it be a sentence of death. Send for me—my name is George Penne, and I am a well-known merchant of Bristol."

It was then that Barnaby came to the other side of the wicket. We could talk, but could not touch each other.

"All is well, Sis," he said: "Dad is neither better nor worse, and Sir Christopher is hearty, though the prison is like the 'tween decks of a ship with Yellow Jack aboard—just as sweet and pleasant for the air and just as merry for the crew."

"Barnaby," I said, "the Judges are now at Salisbury."

"Ay, ay; I thought they would have been there before. We shall be tried, they tell me, at Wells, which it is thought will be taken after other towns. So there is still a tidy length of rope. Sis, this continual smoking of tobacco to keep off infection doth keep a body dry. Cider will serve, but let it be a runlet, at least."

"He called you 'Sister,' Madam," said Mr. Penne, curiously. "Have you brother as well as father in this place?"

"Alas! Sir, I have not only my father, my mother, and my brother in this place, but my father-in-law (as I hoped soon to call him); and in Exeter Jail is my lover and his cousin. Oh! Sir, if you mean honestly!"

"Madam"—he laid his hand upon his breast—"I assure you I am all honesty. I have no other thought, I swear to you, than to save, if possible, the lives of these poor men."

He walked with me to my lodging, and I there told him not only concerning our own people, but also all that I knew of the prisoners in this jail—they were for the most part poor and humble men. He made notes in a book, which caused me some misgivings; but he assured me again and again that all he desired was to save their lives. And I now understand that he spoke the truth indeed, but not the whole truth.

"Your brother, for instance," he said. "Oh! Madam, 'twere a thousand pities that so brave a young man, so stout withal, should be hanged, drawn, and quartered. And your lover at Exeter, doubtless a tall and proper youth; and the other whom you have named, Dr. Humphrey Challis, and your grandfather (as I hope he will be) Sir Christopher; and your own father—why, Madam," he grew quite warm upon it, "if you will but furnish some honest merchant—I say not myself, because I know not yet if you would trust me—but some honest merchant with the necessary moneys, I will engage that they shall all be saved from hanging. To be sure, these are all captains and officers, and to get their absolute pardon will be a great matter—perhaps above your means. Yet, Sir Christopher hath a good estate, I am told."

This George Penne was, it is true, a Bristol merchant, engaged in the West India trade; that is to say, he bought sugar and tobacco, and had shares in ships which sailed to and from Bristol and the West Indies, and sometimes made voyages to the Guinea Coast for negroes. But, in common with many Bristol merchants, he had another trade, and a very profitable trade it is, namely, what is called kidnapping; that is, buying or otherwise securing criminals who have been pardoned or reprieved on condition of going to the plantations. They sell these wretches for a term of years to the planters,

and make a great profit by the transaction. And, foreseeing that there would presently be a rare abundance of such prisoners, the honest Mr. George Penne was going from prison to prison finding out what persons of substance there were who would willingly pay for their sentence to be thus mitigated. In the event, though things were not ordered exactly as he could have wished, this worthy man (his true worth you shall presently hear) made a pretty penny, as the saying is, out of the prisoners. What he made out of us, and by what lies, you shall learn; but, by ill-fortune for him, he gat not the fingering of the great sums which he hoped of us.

And now the news—from Winchester first, and from Dorchester afterwards—filled the hearts of all with a dismay which it is beyond all power of words to tell. For if an ancient lady of good repute (though the widow of a regicide), such a woman as Lady Lisle, seventy years of age, could be condemned to be burned—and was, in fact, beheaded—for no greater offence than harbouring two rebels, herself ignorant of who they were or whence they came, what could any hope who had actually borne arms? And, again, at Dorchester, thirty who pleaded not guilty were found guilty and condemned to be hanged, and nearly three hundred who pleaded guilty were sentenced to be hanged at the same time. It was not an idle threat intended to terrify the rest, because thirteen of the number were executed on the following Monday and eighty afterwards. Among those who were first hanged were many whom we knew. The aged and pious Mr. Sampson Larke, the Baptist Minister of Lynn, for instance, was one; Colonel Holmes (whom the King had actually pardoned) was another; and young Mr. Hewling—whose case was like that of Robin. This terrible news caused great despondency and choking in the prison, where also the fever daily carried off one or two.

Oh! my poor heart fell, and I almost lost the power of prayer, when I heard that from Dorchester the Judge was riding in great state, driving his prisoners before him to Exeter, where there were two hundred waiting their trial. And among them Robin—Alas! alas!—my Robin!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BENJAMIN.

It was the evening of September the Sixteenth, about nine of the clock. I was sitting alone in my lodging. Down-stairs I heard the voice of the poor widow, Mrs. Prior, who had received us. She was praying aloud with some godly friends for the safety of her sons. These young men, as I have said, were never more heard of, and were therefore already, doubtless, past praying for. I, who ought to have been praying with them, held Robin's last letter in my hands. I knew it by heart; but I must still be reading it again and again: thinking it was his voice which was indeed speaking to me, trying to feel his presence near me, to hear his breath, to see his very eyes. In the night, waking or sleeping, I still would hear him calling to me aloud. "My heart! my life! my love!" he would cry. I heard him, I say, quite plainly. By special mercy and grace this power was accorded to me; because I have no doubt that in his mind, while lying in his noisome prison, he did turn his thoughts, yea, and the yearnings of his fond heart, to the maid he loved. But now the merciless Judge who had sentenced three hundred men to one common doom—three hundred men!—was such a sentence ever known?—had left Dorchester, and was already, perhaps, at Exeter. Oh!—perhaps Robin had by this time stood his trial: what place was left for prayer? For if the poor, ignorant clowns were condemned to death, how much more the gentlemen, the officers of Monmouth's army! Perhaps he was already executed—my lover, my boy, my Robin!—taken out and hanged, and now a cold and senseless corpse! Then the wailings and prayers of the poor woman below, added to the distraction of these thoughts, made me feel as if I was indeed losing my senses. At this time, it was blow upon blow—line upon line. The sky was black—the Heavens were deaf. Is there—can there be—a more miserable thing than to feel that the very Heavens are deaf? The mercy of the Lord—His kindly hearkening to our cries and prayers—these we believe as we look for the light of day and the warmth of the sun. Nay, this belief is the very breath of our life; so that there is none but the most hardened and abandoned sinner who doth not still feel that he hath in the Lord a Father as well as a Judge. To lose that belief—'twere better to be a lump of senseless clay. The greatest misery of the lost soul, even greater than his continual torment of fire, and his never-ending thirst, and the gnawing of remorse, must be to feel that the Heavens are deaf to his prayers—deaf for ever and for ever!

At this time, my prayers were all for safety. "Safety, Good Lord! give them safety! Save them from the executioner! Give them safety!" Thus, as Barnaby said, the shipwrecked mariner clinging to the mast asks not for a green, pleasant, and fertile shore, but for land—only for land. I sat there, musing sadly, the Bible on the table and a lighted candle. I read not in the Bible, but listened to the wailing of the poor soul below, and looked at the churchyard without, the moonlight falling upon the fresh mounds which covered the graves of the poor dead prisoners. Suddenly I heard a voice—a loud and harsh voice—and footsteps. I knew both footsteps and voice, and I sprang to my feet trembling, because I was certain that some new disaster had befallen us.

Then the steps mounted the stairs: the door was opened, and Benjamin—none other than Benjamin—appeared. What did he here? He was so big, with so red a face, that his presence seemed to fill the room. And with him—what did this mean?—came Madam herself, who I thought to have been at Exeter. Alas! her eyes were red with weeping; her cheeks were thin and wasted with sorrow; her lips were trembling.

"Alice," she cried, holding out her hands, "Child, these terrible things are done and yet we live! Alas! we live! Are our hearts made of stone that we still live? As for me, I cannot die, though I lose all—all—all!"

"Dear Madam, what hath happened? More misery! More disaster! Oh! tell me!—tell me!"

"Oh! my dear, they have been tried—they have been tried and they are condemned to die—both Robin—my son Robin—and with him Humphrey, who dragged him into the business and alone ought to suffer for both. But there is now no justice in the land. No—no more justice can be had. Else Humphrey should have suffered for all."

There was something strange in her eyes—she did not look like a mother robbed of her children; she gazed upon me as if there was something else upon her mind. As if the condemnation of her son was not enough!

"Robin will be hanged," she went on. "He hath been the only comfort of my life since my husband was taken from me, when he was left an infant in my arms. Robin will be hanged like any common gipsy caught stealing a sheep. He will be hanged, and drawn and quartered, and those goodly limbs of his will be stuck upon poles for all to see!"

Truly I looked for nothing less. Barnaby bade me look for nothing less than this; but at the news I fell into a swoon. So one who knoweth beforehand that he is to feel the surgeon's knife, and thinks to endure the agony without a cry, is fain to shriek and scream when the moment comes.



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

He accosted me one morning when I was standing at the wicket waiting for my basket to be taken in.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

When I recovered I was sitting at the open window, Madam applying a wet cloth to my forehead.

"Have no fear," Benjamin was saying. "She will do what you command her, so only that he may go free."

"Is there no way but that?" she asked.

"None!" And then he swore a great oath.

My eyes being open and my sense returned, I perceived that Mrs. Prior was also in the room. And I wondered (in such moments the mind finds relief in trifles) that Benjamin's face should have grown so red and his cheeks so fat.

"Thou hast been in a swoon, my dear," said Madam.

"But 'tis past."

"Why is Benjamin here?" I asked.

He looked at Madam, who cast down her eyes, I knew not why.

"Benjamin is now our only friend," she replied, without looking up. "It is out of his kindness—yes—his kindness of heart that he hath come."

"I do not understand. If Robin is to die what kindness can he show?"

"Tell her, Benjamin," said Madam, "tell her of the trials at Exeter."

"His Lordship came to Exeter," Benjamin began, "on the evening of September the Thirteenth, escorted by many country gentlemen and a troop of horse. I had the honour of riding with him. The trials began the day before yesterday, the Fourteenth."

"Pray, good Sir," asked the poor woman who had lost her son, "did you observe my boys among the prisoners?"

"How the devil should I know your boys?" he replied, turning upon her roughly, so that she asked no more questions. "If they were rebels they deserve hanging"—here she shrieked aloud, and fled the room. "The trials began with two fellows who pleaded 'Not guilty,' but were quickly proved to have been in arms, and were condemned to death, one of them being sent out to instant execution. The rest who were brought up that day—among whom were Robin and Humphrey—pleaded 'Guilty,' being partly terrified and partly persuaded that it was their only chance of escape. So they, too, were condemned—two hundred and forty in all—every man Jack of them, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and their limbs to be afterwards stuck on poles for the greater terror of evildoers"—he said these words with such a fire in his eyes, and in such a dreadful threatening voice, as made me tremble. "Then they were all taken back to jail, where they will lie until the day of execution, and the Lord have mercy upon their souls!"

The terrible Judge Jeffreys himself could not look more terrible than Benjamin when he uttered the prayer with which a sentence to death is concluded.

"Benjamin, were you in the court to see and hear the condemnation of your own cousins?"

"I was. I sat in the body of the court, in the place reserved for counsel."

"Could you say nothing that would help them?"

"Nothing. Not a word from anyone could help them. Consider—one of them was an officer, and one a surgeon, in the army. The ignorant rustics whom they led may some of them escape, but the officers can look for no mercy."

"Madam," I cried, "I must see Robin before he dies; though, God knows, there are those here who want my services daily. Yet I must see Robin. He will not die easy unless he can see me and kiss me once."

Madam made no reply.

"For a week," said Benjamin, "they are safe. I do not think they will be executed for a week, at least. But it is not wise to reckon on a reprieve even for an hour: the Judge may at any time order their execution."

"I will go to-morrow."

"That will be seen," said Benjamin.

"My dear," said Madam, "my nephew Benjamin is a friend of the Judge, Lord Jeffreys."

"Say rather a follower and admirer of that great, learned, and religious man. One who is yet but a member of the Outer Bar must not assume the style and title of friend to a man whose next step must be the Woolstack."

Heavens! He called the inhuman wretch who had sentenced an innocent old woman of seventy to be burned alive, and five hundred persons to be hanged, and one knows not how many to be inhumanly flogged—great and religious!

"If interest can save any," Madam said softly, "Benjamin can command that interest, and he is on the side of mercy, especially where his cousins are concerned."

I now observed that Madam, who had not formerly been wont to regard her nephew with much affection, behaved towards him with the greatest respect and submission.

"Madam," he replied, "you know the goodness of my heart. What man can do shall be done by me, not only for Robin, but for the others who are involved with him in common ruin. But there are conditions with which I have taken pains to acquaint you."

Madam sighed heavily, and looked as if she would speak, but refrained; and I saw the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"What conditions, Benjamin?" I asked him. "Conditions for trying to save your own cousins and your own grandfather! Conditions? Why, you should be moving Heaven and Earth for them instead of making conditions."

"It needs not so much exertion," he replied, with an unbecoming grin. "First, Alice, I must own, Child, that the two years or thereabouts since I saw thee last have added greatly to thy charms; at which I rejoice."

"Oh! what have my charms to do with the business?"

"Much; as thou wilt presently discover. But let me remind you both that there threaten—nay, there are actually overhanging—disasters, the like of which never happen save in time of civil war and of rebellion. My grandfather is in prison, and will be tried on a charge of sending men and horses to join Monmouth. Nay; the Duke's Proclamation was found in his house: he will be certainly condemned and his estates confiscated. So there will be an end of as old a family as lives in Somerset. Then there is thy father, Child, who was Preacher to the army, and did make mischief in stirring up the fanatical zeal of many. Think you that he can escape? Then there is thy brother, Barnaby, who was such a fool as to meddle in what concerned him not, and now will hang therefor. What can we expect? Are men to go unpunished who thus rebel against the Lord's Anointed? Is treason—rank treason—the setting up of a Pretender Prince (who is now lying headless in his coffin) as the rightful heir, to be forgiven? We must not look for it. Alas! Madam, had I been with you instead of that conceited, fanatical, crookback Humphrey, whom I did ever detest, none of these things should have happened."

"Humphrey," I said, "has more worth in one finger than you in all your great body, Benjamin."

"My dear, my dear, do not anger Benjamin! Oh! do not anger our only friend!"

"She may say what she pleases. My time will come. Listen, then. They must all be hanged unless I can succeed in getting them pardoned."

"Nay—but—forgive my rudeness, Benjamin: they are your own cousins—it is your own grandfather. What need of

conditions? Oh! what does this mean? Are you a man of flesh and blood?"

"My conditions, Child,"—why did he laugh?—"will assure you that such is truly the nature of my composition."

"If money is wanted"—I thought of my bag of gold and of Mr. Penne's hints—"how much will suffice?"

"I know not. If it comes to buying them off, more thousands than could be raised on the Bradford Orcas estates. Put money out of mind."

"Then, Benjamin, save them if thou canst."

"His Lordship knows that I have near relations concerned in the Rebellion. Yet, he assured me if his own brothers were among the prisoners he would hang them all."

"Nay, then, Benjamin; I say no more. Tell me what are these conditions, and, if we can grant or contrive them, we will comply." I had no thought of what was meant by his conditions, nor did I even guess until the morning, when Madam told me. "Oh! Madam, is there anything in the world—anything that we would not do to save them?"

Madam looked at me with so much pity in her eyes that I wondered. It was pity for me and not for her son that I read in that look. Why did she pity me?

I understood not.

"My dear," she said, "there are times when women are called upon to make sacrifices which they never thought to make, which seem impossible to be even asked—"

"Oh! there are no sacrifices which we would not gladly make. What can Benjamin require that we should not gladly do for him? Nay, he is Robin's cousin, and your nephew, and Sir Christopher's grandson. He will, if need be, join us in making these sacrifices."

"I will," said Benjamin—again, why did he laugh?—"I will join you in making one sacrifice at least, with a willing heart."

"I will tell her to-morrow," said Madam. "No, I cannot tell her to-night. Let us first rest. Go, Sir; leave us to our sorrow. It may be that we may yet think the sacrifice too great even for the lives and the safety of those we love. Go, Sir, for to-night, and return to-morrow."

"Surely, Child," said Madam presently, when he was gone, and we were alone, "we are the most unhappy women in the world."

"Nay," I replied. "There have been other women before us who have been ruined and widowed by civil wars and rebellions. If it be any comfort to think that others have suffered like ourselves, then we may comfort ourselves. But the thought brings no consolation to me."

"Hagar," said Madam, "was a miserable woman because she was cast out by the man she loved, even the father of her son; but she saved her son. Rachel was unhappy until the Lord gave her a son. Jephthah's daughter was unhappy—my dear, there is no case except hers which may be compared with ours—and Jephthah's daughter was happy in one circumstance: that she was permitted to die. Ah! happy girl, she died! That was all her sacrifice—to die for the sake of her father! But what is ours?"

So she spoke in riddles or dark sayings, of which I understood nothing. Nevertheless, before lying down, I did solemnly and, in her presence and hearing, aloud, upon my knees, offer unto Almighty God myself—my very life—if so that Robin could be saved. And then, with lighter heart than I had known for long, I lay down and slept.

At midnight, or thereabouts, Madam woke me up.

"Child," she said, "I cannot sleep. Tell me truly: is there nothing that thou wouldst refuse for Robin's sake?"

"Nothing, verily! Ah, Madam, can you doubt it?"

"Even if it were a sacrifice of which he would not approve?"

"Believe me, Madam, there is nothing that I would not do for Robin's safety."

"Child, if we were living in the days of persecution wouldst thou hear the Mass and adopt the Catholic religion to save thy lover's life?"

"Oh, Madam, the Lord will never try us above our strength!"

"Sleep, my child, sleep; and pray that, as thy temptation, so may be thy strength!"

(To be continued.)

New colours were presented on Oct. 4 to the 1st Battalion Royal Warwick Regiment by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Commander of the Forces in Ireland.

The Rifle Championship of the Westminster Volunteers has been won this year by Captain G. D. Rose, who takes the gold badge; the silver badge being won by Sergeant Wilson, and the bronze by Private C. F. Lowe.

An open scholarship in natural science, of the value of 125 guineas, has been awarded to Mr. E. M. Hainworth, and one of the value of £60 to Mr. Edwin Smith. These gentlemen were students attending the preliminary scientific classes held at St. Thomas's Medical School.

At the annual festival of the Otter Swimming Club the Secretary presented, on behalf of the Royal Humane Society, a bronze medal to Algernon Sidney Graves, the grandson of Mr. Henry Graves, the art-publisher of Pall-mall, for having assisted in saving life from drowning in a very rough sea at Ventnor on Aug. 28. Sidney Graves is only fifteen, and is the youngest member of the Otter Club.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer will preside and give an address, on Oct. 15, at the first lecture of a course of eleven on "Early English Literature," to be given at Gresham College, in connection with the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching. The society has also arranged for forty-two courses of lectures in various branches of Science, History, Literature, and Art, to be delivered during the coming term at several centres in and near London.

Professor Baldwin, the aeronaut, met with a narrow escape at the Alexandra Palace on Oct. 4. The wind, being gusty, swayed the balloon into dangerous proximity to some trees, and Mr. Baldwin was compelled to jump off just as it was rising, sustaining a slight sprain to one of his wrists.—At a meeting of the Middlesex Magistrates, on the same day, the application for a license for the Alexandra Palace was adjourned for a week, the chairman, Sir Francis Morley, making some comments upon the dangerous character of Professor Baldwin's performance.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

OCTOBER 13, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Two-pence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Three-pence; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Four-pence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Three-pence.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

OLD-FASHIONED OCTOBER.

The title of this paper is by no means a mere *façon de parler*, but accentuates a difference. In some remote and quiet counties, rich in pasture, woodland, and villages of most placid life, an October exists which is, for the lover of field sports, and rural sights and sounds, essentially the same in some respects as that which our grandfathers enjoyed while Trafalgar was being fought and won. October has ever had a special charm for the English ear—its old ale, its pheasant, its silvery grayling, which is so much less known than other members of the *salmonidæ*, its sound of hound and horn, and the fullness of its autumn fruitage—all these associations have made the keen, bright days and starlight nights of the month, whose air, if it be a dry one, is, champagnelike, a general favourite. Farmer, shooter, angler, courser, and tourist, alike love October. But none more than he who enjoys an old-fashioned October, and on its opening day pursues the wild pheasants as was done in that Trafalgar October—for ever after to be memorable. And we venture to say that he who has not shot wild pheasants in the early part of the month has never known what real partridge-shooting is.

This is a sweeping assertion in face of the fact that fashion so rules even the breechloader now that many men think it "bad form" to shoot pheasants till November and December—and then for the sake of making a bag which shall be enormous. Therefore, it follows that, according to our view, there are many who have not known what real pheasant-shooting is. Consider for a moment the diverse scenes. The fashionable battue takes place in the short winter days in copse bare of leaf and amid a wilderness of branches waving skeleton-like in rides cut for the purpose, to which the shooter, as a mere machine, is confined, and last and worst of all, with the absence of dogs.

Now scan the other picture. Our grandfathers thought the First of October a day of days, and one most fitted to begin the shooting of the pheasant. Try it, and see from the surroundings how good their taste was. It is a bright October morning, the keen air sweet with turf-reek from the cottages, the dew sparkles on the grass, the copse are thick with leafage—which the modern fashionable shooter detests, but which to the simpler taste of the old-fashioned one is admirably in consonance with the day. Every tint and shade of autumnal beauty in decay is there in exquisite combination and gradation; and as the woods themselves, in such shooting as we purpose to-day, are not to be explored, the leafage so obnoxious to the battue-man need not offend our susceptibilities or interfere with the line of fire. In the clear air the rooks diving and tumbling, the starlings wheeling and turning, a sheet of swift wings, betoken the season. The gardens of the cottages load the air with fragrance, for in these quiet, old-world regions the old-world gardens still exist unexposed by modern utilitarianism. Stocks, wallflowers, mignonette, and lavender commingle their odours in unstudied profusion, and the hedges blaze with hips and haws, with briony, and here and there blush with the last pale wild roses. Around, a Virgilian quiet broods over the farming life. Steam puffs and frets not here, but the ancient ways go on placidly as for centuries.

And now the outskirts of the beat are reached, and your host slips the brace of clever spaniels who supply the place of the noisy beaters. No yard-reared pheasants are here counted by dozens, whistled to be fed by the keeper, and turned into the woods just long enough to give them an idea of wild life. Every bird here has been hatched in the mother's self-made nest in the spinney, amid ferns and hazels; has foraged for itself since chickenhood, and taken its chance as to stoat, weasel, and fox's enmity. Wild birds, they have grown strong on the wing, beautiful in plumage, rocketers in flight, and thinking nothing of going a mile off to another manor if disturbed. All the better for real sport. These broad double hedgerows, studded with great elms and oaks, are like that historic one in which unhappy Monmouth lay hiding; in such places they are small domains of themselves. No beaters could be of any use here; and there is no chance of picking shots or of hot corners. But you and your host stand on the opposite sides. By him stands, alert and attentive but quiet and watchful, the old retriever, who in the battue would be voted an impertinent nuisance. The eager spaniels, loosed by their attendant—some honest rustic who enjoys the sport as much as they—rush into the brambles, their long ears tearing against the prickles without in any way daunting their high courage. The twigs crack, leaves rustle, the eager scamper and panting of the dogs are alone heard, till a chorus of shrill yelps announces something is on foot and close before them. Not to appear directly: such hedge bottoms are veritable fastnesses, and once in them a wild cock pheasant is cunning as a fox. But the spaniels press him hard.

You and your host slowly advance abreast; the eager dogs, mad with excitement, continually give tongue, till, where the thinner vegetation makes the concealment less good, there is a sudden heart-shaking, to borrow De Quincey's word; whirr! and a magnificent old cock pheasant, followed by a brace of obedient hens, rises in his full splendour of wing. He shoots straight up in the air, tops the young oaks, and goes off like a steam-engine across country. Now test your shooting! A sovereign to a penny the first barrel misses, for what nerves are proof against the first bird of the season—and so it is. But the second, more deliberately fired, does the trick, and the beautiful victim drops like a plummet among the hazel bushes. A wave of your host's hand sends the old retriever in, and he knows his work. A few minutes' expectation, and he returns, pride in his honest countenance, and the unruffled pheasant in his tender mouth, and you exchange reciprocal congratulations over the first pheasant of the season. So onwards. Round the hedgerows lies the scene; the little spaniels, never tiring, twisting round every stub and tree, and passing nothing. More wild pheasants are found. Some fall, some go off to far distant copse, becoming, ungrudged, in this unsophisticated region, the property *pro tem.* of other landowners. Rabbits pop out and are bagged. A big hare—rather scarce since the Act—canters out of a grass tuft and is cleverly stopped. Leisurely enjoyment outside the woods makes up for any amount of drilled shooting inside them, though the number of slain be in modern eyes ridiculous. Then comes the luncheon, under the hedge, of some simple fare which needs no raised pie or champagne. Sylvan viands of modest pretension, washed down with real old October such as is still brewed here and there, and specially *here* where lies your beat, are followed by that soothing and incomparable pipe which every shooter and angler knows as the after-luncheon one, unique of its kind. The scream of jay and coo of stockdove from the recesses of the unentered wood and the sweep of the wind through the hazels which screen your repose beneath a giant oak, alone are heard for the half-hour's rest. Then follows the afternoon's work, as the shadows lengthen and the outlying pheasants wander into the stubbles under the copse hedges. And the afternoon hours are of the pleasantest as the shadows lengthen, for the *faux-cou* vaudras order of the day makes up the unfailing delight of a quiet old-fashioned October.



LEIGHTON BROTHERS

DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

By B. RIVIERE, R.A.

FERN-TREE GULLY IN VICTORIA.

Fern-tree gullies are frequent enough in Australia, and are favourite places for wandering artists, who love solitude and picturesque wildness. Up in the Dandenong mountains, where the kangaroo and wallaby find their hiding-places, are sylvan nooks, in which rock and water, timber and foliage, make scenes of charming variety; gigantic ferns and tiny little ferns are massed together with heath and mosses, and gum-trees of different shapes—some stately and straight, some twisted and angular—push their way at all angles through the dense undergrowth. The sketch is from a gully about a three-hours' drive from Melbourne, a well-known water track ascending to One-Tree Hill. Climbing up through the gully is toilsome work, and it is desirable that the artist should wear his stoutest boots, his oldest or strongest clothes, and carry a stout pole.

STUDLEY PARK, MELBOURNE.

The glimpse of Australian woodland scenery preserved in Studley Park, to refresh the eyes of the busy citizens of Melbourne, is but one incidental feature of the liberal provision made by the public authorities for the wholesome recreation of all classes, in a population almost equal to that of any of our largest provincial towns, Liverpool, Manchester, or Glasgow. There is the Royal Park, with a good zoological collection; the Fitzroy Park, a beautiful garden; the Fawkner Park, bearing the name of one of the earliest settlers; the Botanical Gardens, on the south side of the Yarra, a mile from the centre of the city, where every plant and shrub is labelled with exact particulars of its scientific order and designation, and of the region in which it grows; the Treasury Gardens; the Flagstaff Gardens, and others, affording delightful places of refuge from the crowded streets and bustle of town. The sea, at least the shore of Hobson's Bay and Port Phillip, is within easy reach; and, by the Gippsland Railway, it is not a long journey to the Dandenong mountains and forests. Life in Melbourne, under a bright sky, with a salubrious and stimulating climate, in spite of occasional "brickfielders" or dry, sultry winds from the sandy plains of Central Australia, is felt to be so enjoyable that those accustomed to it, when we meet them in London, usually confess their desire to return to the Southern Colonies. A million of English people, living in Victoria, are tolerably unanimous in liking it better than England. Mr. Anthony Trollope was much impressed with the proofs of their cheerful prosperity. "It is to be seen," he says, "in the daily lives of the colonists, in the clothes which they wear, in the food which they eat, in the wages they receive, in the education of their children, and in the general comfort of the people." Though industrious, they never seem anxious, and always have spirit, as well as leisure, to take an ample share of healthy amusements in the open air, with fine summer weather during the greater part of the year.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE TOAD IN THE ROCK.

In the *Times* of a recent date appeared, under the title of "A Prehistoric Toad," the following communication signed "Amelia B. Edwards":—

The following extract from a letter which I have this day received from a gentleman well known for his archaeological and scientific tastes is so remarkable that I think it will be read with interest by your readers:—

"I suppose you have often heard of toads being found in pieces of rock, coal, &c., when broken open by the workmen's pick. I have today just seen one taken out of a bed of clay on Tuesday last (the 18th inst.), in a new railway cutting at present being made here. It is alive, but very inactive and semitorpid. It seems to have no bones, it is so limp, and its legs bend any way. It has two beautiful eyes, but does not seem to see. Its mouth is sealed up; but it seems to breathe very slightly through its nostrils, though how it breathed embedded in clay it is hard to say. If it is 20,000 to 30,000 years since the Glacial period when the clay was deposited, this toad goes a long way back into hoary antiquity, and was probably contemporaneous with the progenitors of Menes himself. But the toad lives still."

I should add that the writer is Mr. T. L. Patterson, of Greenock, who will, I trust, forgive me for giving publicity to this much of his letter.

The story of the toad in the rock is a very old one, and although it has a "dying fall" strain about it, well deserves mention and criticism once again. Miss Edwards being only the intermediary writer, I may deal with the

statements of Mr. Patterson himself. Let us subject his narrative to the ordinary tests whereby we are accustomed to judge of the value of evidence. In the first place, then, Mr. Patterson's evidence is of "hearsay" character, and as such might be rejected altogether if it were offered to us seriously in proof of the actual discovery of a live toad in a bed of clay. All that Mr. Patterson can tell us is to the effect that he saw a toad (species unknown or undescribed) which he was told

unverified in one single particular by independent testimony, what, it may be asked, has science to say about the matter at all? I reply, a good deal that serves to put such stories in their proper place. First of all, there is never any proof offered that the rock or clay was solid. The animal is never seen until the rock is broken up or the clay disintegrated; hence it is a pure assumption to allege that the animal was immured in a solid formation.

A story was once submitted to me in which it was recounted that, after a rock was blasted in a quarry, a lively frog was found hopping about among the débris. Instantly arose the cry of "A frog in the solid rock!"—that is to say, because the animal, disturbed by the explosion, had appeared among the rock fragments, the workmen concluded that it must have come out of the rock, and from nowhere else. Again, I say, this is not evidence. It is a piece of sheer gratuitous assumption. We know that frogs and toads can live, under rigorous conditions, for lengthy periods of time—more of this anon.

But I can appeal to direct evidence which vitiates entirely the "toad-in-the-rock" stories. Dean Buckland, troubled in his day by like narratives, caused in 1825 two blocks of stone to be prepared so as to contain twelve cells each. The cells were 12 in. deep by 5 in. diameter in one block, and 6 in. deep by 5 in. diameter in the other. Each cell was fitted with two covers—a glass one below and a slate one above; so that by removing the latter, the interior of the cell could be seen without removing the glass, and without admitting air. Both lids were firmly secured by clay. On Nov. 26, 1825, a live toad was placed in each of the twenty-four cells, and firmly fastened in by the covers. Each animal was weighed on entering upon its imprisonment, and on the date just named, the two blocks of stone were buried in Dr. Buckland's garden at a depth of three feet. On Dec. 10, 1826, the blocks were disinterred. All the toads in the smaller cells were dead, and from the progress decay had made, had evidently died long before the date of their disinterment. The majority of the toads in the bigger block were alive. Save in two cases—in which cracked lids explained a cause of the increase in weight by the admission of air, and possibly insect food also—the toads in the larger cells had decreased in weight. The living toads were again buried; but on being disinterred at the end of another year were found to be

dead, without a single survivor. Again, four toads were confined in holes cut in trees, and were found dead at the end of a year; and of four enclosed in plaster-of-Paris basins, two died within the year, the other two being starved and meagre, and evidently fast hastening onwards to a fatal end of their confinement.

Here, then, are exact experiments which, be it noted, in their conditions were not nearly so hard and rigorous as are these of the toad in solid clay or solid rock. If Dr. Buckland's toads succumbed so soon, how comes it that the antediluvian frogs and the prehistoric toads are reputed as surviving through "the long ages of the prime"? The real explanation of these stories, I believe, is founded on a very simple fact. Toads and frogs undergo a metamorphosis from the tadpole stage to that of adult life. Now, a toad or frog which has just left the water is a very small animal. Suppose it creeps into the crevice of a rock or into a crack in clay; it may there remain growing larger, receiving air and food, and is thus unable to escape from its domicile. Then the apparently solid rock is broken up, and out leaps the toad—credited with being a prehistoric creature, but in reality only the friend and companion of those which hop about freely in the adjacent country.

A. W.

A meeting of the London School Board was held on Oct. 4, at which the Rev. J. R. Diggle, the chairman, made his annual statement, showing that the two notable features of the administration of the present board were the steady and continuous increase in the efficiency of the schools and the equally steady and continuous diminution of the amount of the rate.—The Rev. J. R. Diggle presided on Oct. 3 at a meeting held in the Shillington-street

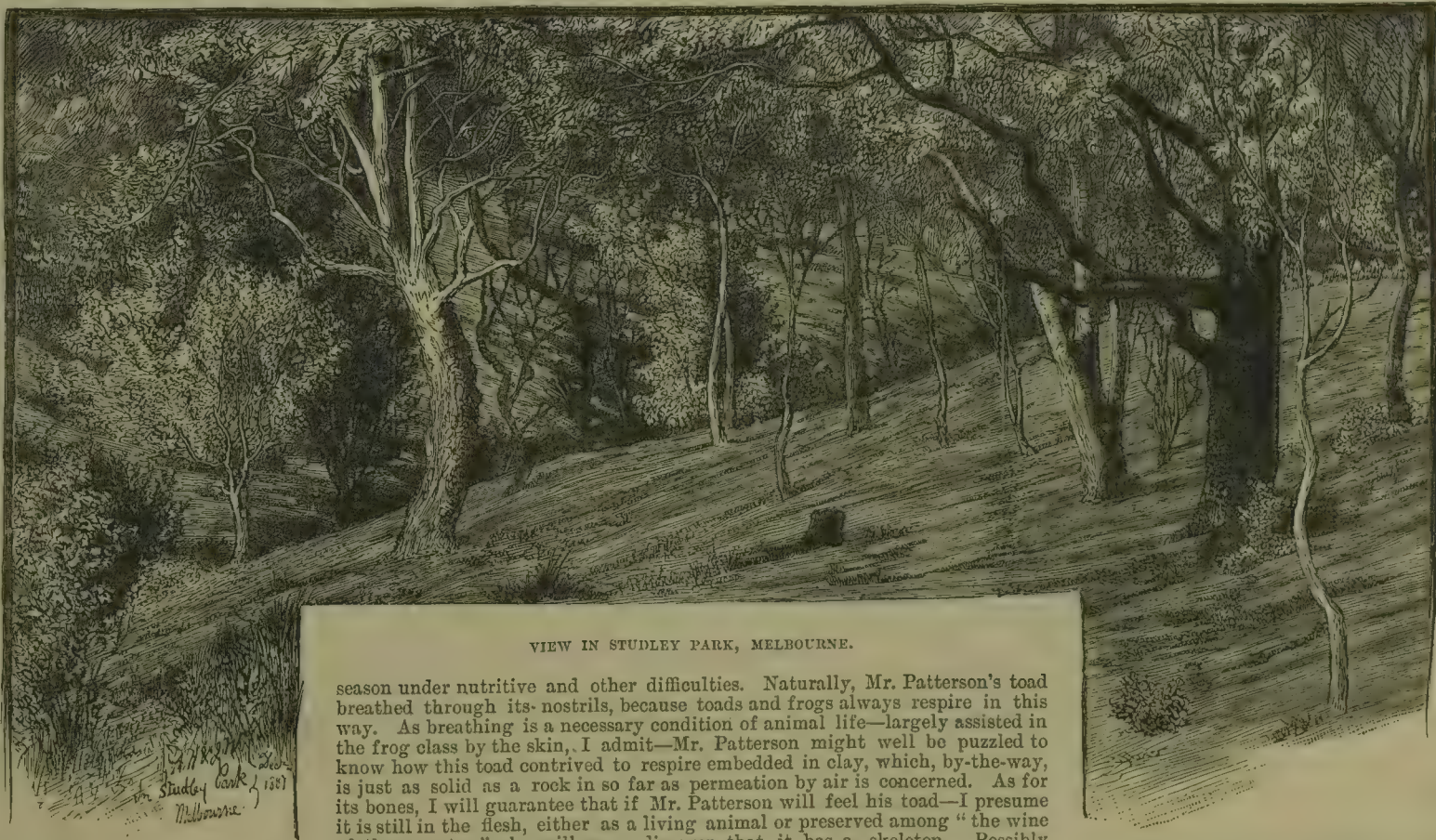
Board School, Battersea, to celebrate the opening of a new wing, by which additional accommodation for 600 children has been provided. There is now room in these schools for 1600 children, which, the chairman said, was the fullest extent to which any school should be fitted.



IN THE FERN-TREE GULLY, VICTORIA.

had been taken out of a bed of clay, in which, presumably, it had been immured for ages. I cannot admit that on such bare testimony any scientist would be justified in assuming for a moment that the ordinary laws of animal life at large, and of toad-life in particular, could be set aside or suspended altogether. What is wanted, and what never has been in my experience forthcoming, is the sworn testimony—accurately, and on the spot recorded (for after-impressions are highly-deceitful things), by skilled and intelligent observers—of the individuals who have split the rock or clay asunder and found the living toad or frog embedded therein. Nothing less direct or accurate in the shape of evidence can possibly satisfy any rational mind, when the issue, to science, at least, is of such momentous character.

The other points in Mr. Patterson's narrative will bear a brief criticism. His description applies simply to a state of torpor. You may see toads and frogs in this state during the winter by the dozen in any locality they frequent. The limp, thin body, the shut mouth (by-the-way these animals are not given to gaping much), and the glassy eyes, are all quite familiar to every naturalist in a toad which has spent the cold



VIEW IN STUDLEY PARK, MELBOURNE.

season under nutritive and other difficulties. Naturally, Mr. Patterson's toad breathed through its nostrils, because toads and frogs always respire in this way. As breathing is a necessary condition of animal life—largely assisted in the frog class by the skin, I admit—Mr. Patterson might well be puzzled to know how this toad contrived to respire embedded in clay, which, by-the-way, is just as solid as a rock in so far as permeation by air is concerned. As for its bones, I will guarantee that if Mr. Patterson will feel his toad—I presume it is still in the flesh, either as a living animal or preserved among "the wine of the country"—he will soon discover that it has a skeleton. Possibly bony development has not proceeded in a thoroughly natural fashion in the animal for reasons connected with absence of food; but bones it must have, otherwise it would not be a toad.

If science utterly rejects the foolishness of the ordinary newspaper story, repeated as heard from the lips of ignorant and often superstitious workmen,



A BULGARIAN PEASANT WOMAN.

FROM A PICTURE BY PAUL THUMANN.

BLACKBERRYING.

The children never grow old. Whatever changes the intellectual expansion of the ages may bring about in youth and manhood, the childhood of the nineteenth century remains, in all essentials, the childhood of the centuries preceding it—just as buoyant and adventurous, as simple and as sportive. The bramble is as dear to the children now as it was to the Tudor or the Stuart children; and no sooner do its berries begin to ripen with the autumn suns and absorb their characteristic flavour from the autumn mists, than the little folk swarm out into the lanes to forage among the hedges—seeking the sunniest places, where the fruit always matures the soonest and grows the largest—or they spread over the furzy common, or force their way, heedless of torn garments and scratched fingers, into the shaws, holls, coppices, or thickets, where, it is true, the fruit is not so plentiful nor so ripe as in the more open ground, but is ever so much more palatable on account of the difficulty experienced in securing it. You may hear their shouts and laughter afar off—as spontaneous and as joyous as the shouts and laughter in which you yourself bore your share—right heartily some thirty, or forty, or—shall we say?—fifty years ago. Therefore, I say, the children never grow old. They are what they have ever been; though the Public School Primer has dispossessed the Eton Latin Grammar and the “High School” risen on the ruins of the old “Academy” and “Seminary for Young Ladies.” All the brand-new educational systems have left the spirit of childhood unaffected—as you may assure yourself if you will follow in the steps of the children when they go a-blackberrying.

There is a fine catholicity about the blackberry which commends it to me hugely. The peach and the nectarine are not for all—not even in “tins”! The mangosteen is still harder of access, and the luscious durian one only reads of in the pages of Mr. Wallace; but the blackberry, like the poor, is always with us. It is specially the fruit of the poor. There is no tax upon it—no charge; the broad bosom of Nature yields it unstintedly and ubiquitously, so that round about our manufacturing towns you will see the hollow-cheeked, sad-eyed offspring of the slums ever on the watch for the earliest berries, which, indeed, in their haste, they hardly allow to ripen. But, if specially the fruit of the poor, it is also everybody's fruit: Dives and Lazarus touch hands over the blackberry! Observe, that to enjoy it wisely, you must feast upon it when freshly gathered—fresh picked from the thorny and involved stems on which it grows in such reckless profusion that hundreds and thousands never come to maturity. 'Tis best with the dew upon it—the dew of the cool October morning, when the rising sun gently brushes away the first light footprints of the autumnal frost. There are abandoned creatures, I believe, who make this most admirable fruit into *jam*; just as there are people who will botanise on their grandmother's—or, for the matter of that, on their mother's—grave. The blackberry, however, before all things is an *open-air fruit*, and he who would taste it aright, should eat it where and when it is plucked. That it should be boiled up, or boiled down—which is it?—with sugar, deprived of its natural savour, and reduced to the level of the currant or the gooseberry, is a degradation unworthy of the fruit which, I doubt not, often refreshed Robin Hood and his merry men in the glades of Sherwood, and moistened the laughing lips of the boy Shakspeare in the green fields of Avon. Consider, too, the “reserve of force” which lies in this tiny, sun-purpled fruit. Why, like the magic carpet in the old fairy story, it can carry you over the wide tracts of the past to the bold, blithe days of boyhood—“ere you were old, ah, woeful ere!”—when, as one of a merry company, you rose betimes, in a mood of natural gaiety, and tramped it merrily up and down the green, green lanes, where the first-fallen leaves, shining with diamond dew-drops, strewed the sward all about, and the cobwebs sparkled in the sun, and the thistle-down fluttered to and fro, and the rime still clung—like a network of silver—to the windward edges of the deep ruts ploughed by the wheels of the harvest-wain. Autumn comes as of old, and with it the blackberry; but never again come those fresh young energies, that elasticity of spirit, that boundlessness of hope, that fond ambition, which then crowded a life of action into every hour! But shall we not be grateful to the modest little low-born berry which recalls for us the joys of that unequalled time?

Something of the lively interest—I had almost said affection—with which we regard the blackberry may be due, perhaps, to the fact that it is the last offspring of the fruitful year—its latest-born. The spoils of the orchard and the garden have all been collected; the wild raspberry, the cloud-berry, and the dewberry—which are all members, like the bramble, of the great Rosacea family—have sunk into the dust; but still in its angular, prickly, and convoluted spray, which trails hither and thither in the very abandonment of license, lingers the hardy fruit of the bramble. It is one of the signs of the waning seasons. Sloe, bullace, and crab have had their day; but among the old grey hawthorns and the furze, among the yellowing hazels and the wildwood, the blackberries still tempt the fingers of the wayfarer; and, mayhap, even a tuft or two of the satiny, roselike blossoms are loitering in beech-shaded hollows and unthought-of nooks, where the pools lie dark and silent. The hop-grounds have been despoiled of their capricious produce; and the tall poles which, a few weeks ago, were as gay with the garlanded vines as an admiral's mast with pennons, lie in dull heaps in the corners of the fields. The foliage of the woods betrays the presence of the autumn. The oak is fast assuming its rich tints of burnished bronze; the orange of the beech glows in sunny masses; the “keys” of the ash rattle in the lightest breeze; the pale yellow leaves of the elm are falling fast; and the lindens are nearly bare already. But the long wreaths of the bramble are still fresh and vigorous.

With much winnowing of wings, and loud, twittering cries, the swallows gathered some weeks ago by pool and stream, to settle among themselves the order of their going, and the hour of their departure, on their league-long journey to the genial regions of the South; but a few stragglers are tarrying with us yet; and yesterday I saw a couple in hot pursuit of prey, unconscious, apparently, of the near approach of winter. Most of the singing-birds have left us, and the redwing and the fieldfare have come to take their places. With “treble soft,” the familiar redbreast whistles from the garden-croft; the blackbird and the thrush have not deserted us wholly; while in the hedge you may find, perhaps, the rare crested wren—“that shadow of a bird,” as White of Selborne calls it. Yes; there is no mistaking the presence of the autumn. The wind comes up in little gusts, which make themselves felt by sudden showers of leaves dropping fast around us—leaves yellow and red, and bronze and ruddy brown, and scarlet brown and brownish yellow—leaves spotted, streaked, and tinted—leaves of every hue and shade, as if Nature had been trying upon them her pencils dipped in magical colours. The odour sent up from all this fallen foliage is peculiar, but not unpleasant; if you penetrate into a coppice, you are sensible of it immediately. But there is a stronger odour from the fungi which now, in blackberry time, thrive in our woods and orchards and meadows, rivalling the leaves in variety of colouring

and surpassing them in variety of shape and in size, from the slender scarlet thread or bright yellow filament on some decaying stump to the broad bold agaric, twelve inches in diameter, in the heart of the wood—where, for aught I know, Titania and her fairies use it as their hospitable board on nights of sylvan revelry. There are pearly-white fungi, and fungi striped with brown, and fungi dipped in rose-bloom; there are reddish-yellow gingery mushrooms and snowy mushrooms (these grow under the trees); there are fungi shaped like the moon when near her full, and fungi which remind one of a balloon; in short, the diversity is almost endless in what Cowper calls “the fungous fruits of earth.”

To the children, as with song and shout they tear through wild tangles of brier, briony, and bitter-sweet, in search of the coveted berries, all these sights and sounds will be as to the blind and deaf; for childhood is not perceptive, but keeps its gaze fixed on the one aim and object that for the time concentrates its desires. Not so should it be with their elders; though there are men and women (God help them!) who will travel from Dan to Beersheba, and in the vanity of their ignorance, pronounce that all is barren. And there are others who go about the world dismally wringing their hands, sighing over lost illusions and the weariness of life, and refusing to see the bright and consoling things around them. Ah, if they would but go a-blackberrying! In mid-autumn there are often days when the sun kindles in the air a warmth like that of summer; when the dome of blue overhead is not stained in its purity by a single cloud; when the soft mist hanging about the hills and the woodlands seems to blend earth and sky together in a vision of delight; when the warble of the late-lingering chiff-chaff may still be heard in the lane, and the chirp of the sparrows in the stubble-fields, and in the mossy apple-tree the thrush again takes up his parable. On such a day it is good to throw the burden of the world off one's shoulders, lay hold of one's staff, and, like the children, go a-blackberrying. The signs and voices of the autumn are multiplying around us, it is true; but keep your eyes on the alert and your heart open and you will see many beautiful gifts of Nature and receive her inspiring influences. The wild bank, with its tufts of furze and clumps of rich-berried thorn, the flowers, mostly yellow, that still bloom among the grasses; the hedgerows wreathed with bramble in every variety of purplish red—these, and a hundred other curious, wonderful, charming, or lovely objects, invite examination. Nature is never barren, never silent, not even in the declining days of sober-suited Autumn. There are birds on the wing, life and health in the breeze, a green growth still in unfrequented byways, the sward still springs to the feet—as you will find, my friend, if, like the children, you will go a-blackberrying.

W. H. D.-A.

NEW SURREY CHAPEL.

Old Surrey Chapel, a conspicuous octagonal building in Blackfriars-road, is familiar to most Londoners. Its history is



NEW SURREY CHAPEL AND SCHOOL, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD.

associated with the famous ministry of the Rev. Rowland Hill during half a century, and, since that, with the Rev. James Sherman and the Rev. Newman Hall, whose congregation, being unable to get the lease renewed on terms convenient to them, latterly erected their handsome Christ Church in Westminster Bridge-road, a mile away. The chapel was handed over to the Primitive Methodists, and the work of founding and organising a church was entrusted to the Rev. Benjamin Senior, whose labours have been successful. The old building has, for some years past, been given up to its owners, and has been converted into a warehouse for machine-manufacturers. A “New Surrey Chapel,” of which we give an illustration, has been erected on a very good site in Blackfriars-road, only forty yards distant from the old chapel. It is nearly the largest, and is considered the handsomest, of the chapels belonging to the Primitive Methodists. The architect is Mr. James Weir, of 9, Victoria-chambers, Westminster. The interior is so arranged that the minister in the pulpit has his congregation compactly around him; the wide oval gallery narrowing, behind the pulpit, into two rows of seats for the choir, with a corner left for the organ. The decoration of the pulpit, white and gilded, is in harmony with that of the gallery front. The large latticed windows are filled with tinted glass. The ceiling is divided artistically into geometrical squares. The pews are wide apart, and have wide seats and sloping backs. There are sittings for 700, which can be increased to a thousand. Below the chapel, a lecture-hall, with a good platform, will accommodate 400. On each floor are convenient rooms—a church-parlour for social meetings, pastor's and stewards' vestries, a large room for the meetings of the committee of conference, a Sunday-school library, and caretaker's rooms. £4000 of the £12,000 the site and building have cost yet remain to be raised, and it is hoped that the chapel will not be hampered by debt.

The Bank of England has advanced its rate of discount to 5 per cent. So high a rate has not been in force since January of last year.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 11, 1865), with a codicil (dated Dec. 11, 1880), of General Lord Alfred Paget, for many years Chief Equerry and Clerk Marshal to the Queen, and M.P. for Lichfield from 1837 to 1865, late of No. 56, Queen Anne-street, who died on Aug. 24 last, was proved on Oct. 1 by the Earl of Listowel, Frederick Cox, William Vivian, and Thomas Henry Bolton, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £107,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, all stocks and shares standing in her name or in their joint names, his household furniture and effects, and the use, for life, of his pictures and plate, to his wife, Lady Alfred Paget, and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life, and at her death he gives £10,000 each to his daughters, Evelyn, Amy, Alberta, Alice Alexandra, Violet, and Guinevere; £5000 each to his sons, Arthur, Alfred, George, Gerald, Sydney, and Almeric; and the ultimate residue between his children, with the exception of his eldest son, who under his marriage settlement inherits his real estate, and his third son, who is otherwise provided for.

The will (dated July 12, 1887) of the Rev. Robert Colby, late of Ansford Rectory, Somerset, who died on July 20 last, was proved on Sept. 29 by John Donald George Higgin, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £107,000. The testator gives £1000, and an annuity of £1000, to his wife, Mrs. Jane Colby, and a further sum of £500 per year upon the death of his brother's widow; £400 each to Archibald and Colin Edward Boyd; £200 each to his cousins, Anna Colby, Cordelia Colby, Maria Colby, and John Colby; and a legacy to his executor. The residue of his property, including his estates in the counties of Cardigan, Pembroke, and Carmarthen, he leaves to his son, Captain John Vaughan Colby, absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1888) of Mr. Walter Holland, J.P., late of Rose Hill, Worcester, proprietor of the Vulcan Iron-works, and twice Mayor of the city of Worcester, who died on July 28 last, was proved on Sept. 12 at the Worcester District Registry by Mrs. Mary Holland, the widow, William Griffiths, and Jacob Wait, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £104,000. The testator bequeaths £12,000 and the gold watch presented to him by the West Midland Provident Association to his son Walter; £10,000 each to his children, Mrs. Charlotte Alice Smith, Mrs. Mary Jane Cock, Hubert Holland, William John Holland, and Alfred Valentine Holland; £1000 to his grandson Walter Smith, and £250 to each of his other grandchildren; £500 to Jacob Wait; £350 to William Griffiths; and numerous other legacies to relatives and servants. He gives and devises his freehold messuage known as Rose Hill, with the outbuildings, gardens, and pleasure grounds, the furniture, plate, &c., therein, carriages and horses, and £25,000 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Holland, absolutely. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his children in equal shares.

The will (dated April 6, 1883) of Mr. Henry Charles Churchman, late of Paget House, Ipswich, tobacco manufacturer, who died on Aug. 7, has been proved by Henry Eade Churchman, the son, Frank Turner and William Turner, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £54,000. The testator gives £200, all his furniture and household effects, the use, for life, of Paget House, and an annuity of £700 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Anna Churchman. Subject thereto he leaves all his property to his four children, Henry Eade, Mrs. Ellen Elizabeth Turner, William Alfred, and Arthur Charles, in equal shares, his sons William and Arthur to have the option of purchasing his business at Ipswich, the goodwill thereof not to be taken into account.

The will (dated May 13, 1888) of the Hon. and Rev. William Whitworth Chetwynd Talbot, B.A., one of the sons of the second Earl Talbot, late of The Rectory, Hatfield, Herts, who died on July 3 last, was proved on Oct. 3 by the Hon. Eleanor Julia Talbot, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £36,000. The testator bequeaths his “Poli Synopsis Commentarium,” in five vols., to Lord William Cecil; and a small souvenir or memento to each of his grandchildren and to his grandniece, Muriel Talbot. He desires to express his gratitude and thanks to Lord and Lady Salisbury and Lord and Lady Shrewsbury for the great acts of kindness received from them. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife, absolutely.

The will of Mr. William Mitchell, late of No. 16, Carlton-hill, St. John's Wood, who died on Sept. 1, was proved on Sept. 26 by Mr. James MacLellan Mitchell, the nephew, and Mr. Thomas Homans Cooke, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £13,000. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the “Homes of Hope,” for the restoration of fallen women and the protection of friendless young women, the Metropolitan Drinking-Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Victoria-street Society in connection with the International Society for the Total Suppression of Vivisection; £500, and the income of a sum of £2600, to his niece, Anna Jacques; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew, James MacLellan Mitchell, absolutely.

A BULGARIAN PEASANT WOMAN.

The picture by a German artist, Paul Thumann, which is reproduced in our Engraving, is the portrait of a handsome woman of the laborious rustic class, who was met with among a troop of her hardworking countrywomen, travelling in company on the road from Bulgaria and Servia to the commercial seaport and city of Salonica, as hundreds of them do every summer, in quest of employment and wages. These women, poor as they are, inured to the rudest toil, and living on the simplest food, contrive to indulge their natural taste for dress with a graceful costume, the materials of which, however, are not inordinately costly. She wears a white robe of coarse linen, with sleeves of elegant shape embroidered by her own skilful needle, with a broad sash of green cloth tied round her waist, from which hangs an apron of deep crimson, fringed at the bottom; a narrow, sleeveless jacket, striped with bright colours, is put over her shoulders, leaving the bosom open; the head-dress is a gay kerchief, to which are fastened several coins of glittering copper, or perhaps of silver. This fashion of attire, for which she owes nothing to the milliner and dressmaker, having purchased the materials, which are of durable stuff, at the nearest village fair, is well adapted to set off the robust beauty of her face and figure; the brown complexion, the sunburnt face, neck, and breast, freely exposed to the summer air, the large, dark eyes, and the classic features, which are frequently admired in the female youth of that nation. M. Emile de Laveleye, in his instructive book on “The Balkan Peninsula,” an English translation of which was recently published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, repeatedly notices the beauty of some of the Bulgarian women, especially among the population of the south-eastern districts, towards the Macedonian frontier. The great majority of the inhabitants of Macedonia, still left under Turkish rule, are of the same fine race, and are members of the Eastern Christian Church. They are intensely desirous of independent self-government.

A TEA-TASTER IN CHINA.

The following scholarships and prizes were distributed at St. George's Hospital by Professor Humphry, of Cambridge, on Oct. 1: £125 scholarship, to Mr. R. G. Turner; £65 scholarship, to Mr. J. S. Edkins; £50 scholarship, to Mr. C. S. Berry; William Brown £100 exhibition, to Mr. A. H. Ward; the Brackenbury prize in medicine, to Mr. B. V. Soutain; the Brackenbury prize in surgery and the Brodie prize in clinical surgery, to Mr. H. Higgins; the Acland prize in clinical medicine, to Mr. W. M. Davidson; Sir Charles Clarke's prize to Mr. C. Truman; the Johnson prize in anatomy, to Mr. R. M. H. Walford; general proficiency prizes, to Messrs. H. S. Barkworth and R. M. H. Walford.



AT THE OFFICE.



CARRYING TEA-CHESTS TO THE SHIP.



TEA IN BED.



TASTING TEA.



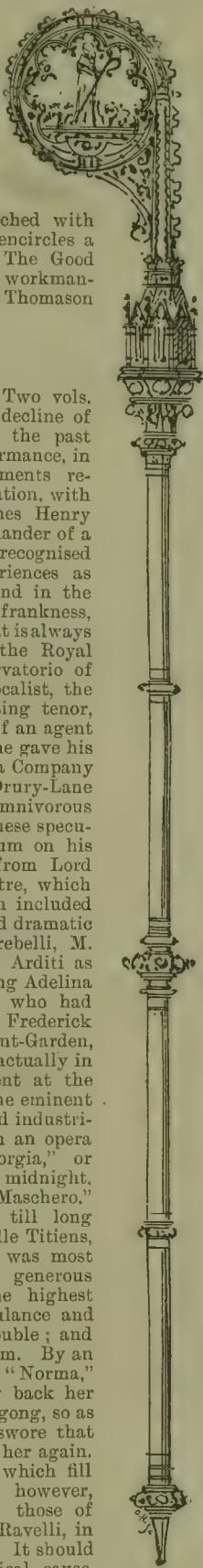
WEIGHING TEA-CHESTS.



ON BOARD SHIP.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER'S PASTORAL STAFF.

The pastoral staff presented to the Bishop of Manchester by the clergy and laity of the diocese is formed of a shaft of ivory, relieved by mounts of silver richly embossed, gilded, and embellished with sixty-eight precious stones. The shaft terminates in a capital of silver ornamented with foliage, surmounted by eight enamelled medallions representing the Four Evangelists, with the Sacred Monogram, the Cross, and Alpha and Omega. Above is a series of turrets or pinnacles, enriched with enamels, each pinnacle terminating with a jewel. The shaft is continued and falls over to form the crook. The outer edge of the shaft is decorated with silver crockets or foliage, secured by silver bands enriched with gems. The inside curve of the shaft encircles a carved ivory group representing "The Good Shepherd." The staff, for design and workmanship, reflects great credit upon Messrs. Thomason and Co., of Manchester.



NEW CROOK FOR THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

NEW BOOKS.

The Mapleson Memoirs, 1848 to 1888. Two vols. (Remington and Co.).—The manifest decline of Italian Opera permits us to review the past incidents of its management and performance, in the series of fashionable entertainments remembered by the elders of this generation, with cool historical interest. Colonel James Henry Mapleson—his military rank, as commander of a regiment of Volunteers, may here be recognised once for all—relates his varied experiences as lessee and manager, both in England and in the United States, with an engaging air of frankness, and with a good-humoured vivacity that is always amusing. Having been trained in the Royal Academy of Music, and in the Conservatorio di Milan, both as a violinist and as a vocalist, the loss of his voice, which was a promising tenor, induced him to resort to the business of an agent for the musical profession. In 1858 he gave his services as manager to an Italian Opera Company formed by Mr. E. T. Smith at Drury-Lane Theatre; and in 1861, when that omnivorous "entrepreneur" was obliged to quit these speculations, Mr. Mapleson took the Lyceum on his own account; but soon obtained from Lord Dudley a lease of Her Majesty's Theatre, which he opened in 1862. His company then included Mademoiselle Titiens, a great lyric and dramatic artist, Giuglini the tenor, Albani, Trebelli, M. Gassier, and Signor delle Sedie, with Arditì as conductor. He narrowly missed securing Adelina Patti, "a little lady from America," who had just arrived; she was captured by Mr. Frederick Gye, for the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-Garden, by the timely loan of £50, being then actually in need of money. The first experiment at the Lyceum resulted in a loss of £1800. The eminent artists we have named were zealous and industrious; sometimes, after performing such an opera as the "Huguenots," "Lucrezia Borgia," or "Norma," they would sup together at midnight, and then rehearse the "Ballo in Maschero," from half-past one in the morning till long hours after daylight! Of Mademoiselle Titiens, especially, whose professional conduct was most honourable, and who was a brave, generous woman, Mr. Mapleson speaks in the highest terms. Signor Giuglini's childish petulance and vehement caprices occasioned much trouble; and many ridiculous stories are told of him. By an unlucky accident, one night in playing "Norma," Titiens, as the Druid priestess, threw back her drumstick, with which she struck the gong, so as to hit Giuglini on the nose; and he swore that he would never play "Pollio" with her again. These whims and tricks of Giuglini, which fill some pages of this narrative, were, however, surpassed in vexatious absurdity by those of Masini, in 1879, and of another tenor, Ravelli, in Mr. Mapleson's American tour of 1882. It should not be inferred that any psychological cause, even peculiar to the Italian race, disposes tenors to behave unreasonably more than baritones; for Mario was the most obliging and agreeable of men; but he was a thorough Italian gentleman. We should rather say that Italians of low birth, and ill-educated, are of all mankind the most quickly spoiled by personal success in a public calling; though in pecuniary greediness, and in apparent unfaithfulness to contracts, some ladies not of Italian birth have far outdone the prima donnas from the classic land of songsters. With Madame Grisi, whose goodness in such respects is gratefully acknowledged, Mr. Mapleson was associated only in 1866, at the close of her admirable career. His introduction of Christine Nilsson to the London audience, in 1867, was an event of much importance; but he found her "somewhat exacting" in after years. The great disaster that befell him in December, 1867, by the conflagration of Her Majesty's Theatre, causing him a loss of £30,000 on properties which he was arranging the day before to insure, would have crushed a less energetic and courageous man. But he reopened at Drury-Lane in the following season; and in the autumn, by a temporary compact with Mr. Gye, who then considered the rivalry of the two houses likely to be ruinous to both, had the use of the "Royal Italian" building in Covent-Garden, with Costa in the orchestra. The season of 1869 yielded a joint clear profit of £36,000, from Mr. Mapleson's share of which, however, £3000 must be deducted for insurance and rates. They soon disagreed, as to the terms of a proposed continuance of partnership, when Her Majesty's Theatre was rebuilt; and Mr. Gye was involved in litigation, both with Lord Dudley and with Colonel Brownlow-Knox, concerning the two leading houses. We do not care to make any remark on the statements of Mr. Mapleson, which are temperately, even drily, set forth, concerning Mr. Gye's repeated acts of hostility down to 1877; it is possible that something might have been said on the other side. A wider field of action, with more exciting adventures, is presented by his American operatic tours, the first of which began in October, 1878, with Madame Etelka Gerster for prima donna, giving 164 performances of opera and forty-seven concerts, and going westward as far as Chicago and Cincinnati. In the following year, after the London season, he again went to the United States, and his prima donna was Marimon, who won

high favour at New York and Boston, till her voice suddenly failed. The fatigues of long travelling in America seem to have tried the ladies most severely; and there were also trials of temper among them, in some instances, from professional jealousy carried to extreme lengths. Hereby hang several amusing little stories. Mr. Mapleson's American triumphs in 1881, 1882, and 1883, especially in the Grand Opera Festivals at Cincinnati, were the culminating success of his management; and the overwhelming popular enthusiasm is forcibly described. He was then acting, conjointly with Mr. Ernest Gye, for the directors of the Royal Italian Opera Company of London. He was opposed at New York by Mr. Abbey, the lessee of the new Metropolitan Opera-house, from which competition, it appears, came the enormous price that was subsequently paid for the services of Madame Patti. No singer had ever before received £1000 a night, which was first offered to her by Mr. Abbey, backed by the millionaire Vanderbilt. Mr. Mapleson thought fit to promise as much, while Madame Nilsson was content with £300 a night. Whether any individual human talent or accomplishment can ever be worth such an extravagant hire, let the world consider at leisure. The London directors would not ratify the engagement to pay those terms; and Mr. Mapleson, supported by the stockholders of the New York Academy of Music, had to bind himself to do so. From 1883 to 1885, his relations with Madame Patti, during a series of marvellously popular performances all over America, were magnificent but not profitable to himself; and, without reference to personal interests, it can scarcely be wished, for the sake of true art, that such an example had proved successful. Madame Patti, at this time, would attend no rehearsals, in which Titiens and other great artists had been punctually diligent. Not disparaging the attractions of this very expensive vocalist, or the competent judgment of her sincere admirers, it may be suggested that American providers of stage novelties have a shrewd insight into the weak points for attack on the purses of the vulgar rich, a class largely prevailing in the great cities of the United States. Every device of newspaper interviewing and incessant reporting was employed to advertise the prodigious costliness of Patti's appearances; discussion of the pecuniary negotiations was kept up for weeks by journalists set on to promote the intended "boom;" the price of her dresses, of her saloon railway carriage, with its decorations and furniture, and even her hotel bills, stimulated that characteristic American sentiment, the glory of spending more money than any other people do. It supplies the want of true taste in the United States, and is the national substitute for a genuine appreciation of the exalted, the beautiful, and the harmonious, in which Mr. Matthew Arnold found the American mind sadly wanting. When the reporters had interviewed Patti "in her gorgeous palace car," and had noted the items of various expenses totalling many thousands of dollars, the victory of her Western campaign was assured in advance; that is the American secret of a public success. With some understanding of the circumstances, we read Mr. Mapleson's narrative of the extraordinary doings at San Francisco, where the streets were blocked, all through the night, with people crowding to be first at the sale of tickets next morning; where seats in the dress circle were bought at £4 to £10 each; where the top gallery was invaded by men dropping in from holes broken in the roof; and the receipts for one performance were nearly £5000, besides which the purchasers of boxes could sell them at an immense premium. But Mr. Mapleson lost money, in that tour, at the rate of £1200 a week, and his property was repeatedly in the clutches of the Sheriffs for manifold debts. Nevertheless, the farewell visit of Patti to America, in 1885, with a Grand Operatic Festival at Chicago, realised a net profit of £30,000. In 1886, not having Patti with him, the American expedition proved a disastrous failure; and his retreat from California, encumbered with a hundred and sixty helpless followers, whose personal baggage was often detained for hotel-bills, is a tale of thrilling adventure. Without dwelling on particulars of more recent date, we cordially wish Mr. Mapleson, in future, as much prosperity as he can fairly earn, while thanking him for a pleasant account of his labours and fortunes in the past.

The Mediation of Ralph Hardelet. By William Minto. Three vols. (Macmillan).—To do full justice to the special merits of this book it should be considered not so much as a novel or romance, but as an exposition of English history and the state of society five centuries ago. It presents, with some admixture of imaginative fiction, a very good account of the notable insurrection of the peasantry, led by Wat Tyler, the famous Man of Kent; John Ball, the clerical demagogue of Cambridge; Jack Straw, and others, who besieged London for several days in June, 1381, when the Tower was stormed, the Duke of Lancaster's Palace in the Savoy was burnt, and Archbishop Sudbury, the Lord High Chancellor, was put to death. The hero of the story, Ralph Hardelet, is a kinsman of that unpopular prelate and Minister of State; and his brother Reginald is in the confidential service of the Archbishop. But Ralph, a scholar and soldier, having been educated at Cambridge, and having served a year or two in the French wars, became one of the disciples of Wycliffe, and then put on the russet garb of those zealous lay missionaries, called "Wycliffe's poor priests," who went about England preaching a new era of religious, moral, and social reform. He is not, however, legally or ecclesiastically bound to celibacy; and the early mutual attachment between this young man and Clara Roos, with whom he was brought up as a boy in the family of Sir John Cavendish, guardian also to this girl, is the only feature of the story that concerns the tender passion. Clara, being an orphan heiress, was forced into a marriage, never consummated, with a ruffianly knight, Sir Richard Rainham, from whom she escaped on the wedding-day, and took refuge in Dartford Priory. The immediate action of the present narrative begins with a journey on horseback through Essex, by way of the town of Sudbury, where the populace are rising in anger to oppose the new poll-tax. Two strangers, disguised as Flemish merchants, one calling himself Simon d'Ypres, but whose real name is John Kirby, and who is a chief manager of the political conspiracy, are there quietly watching events. Ralph Hardelet is invited to join their party on the road to Stourbridge fair. In passing Sturmer Castle, the stronghold of Sir Richard Rainham, who is a privileged highway robber, these travellers are attacked and plundered; and Ralph, whom the brutal tyrant especially hates as the lover of Clara, is cast into a dungeon. To our surprise, not less than to his, Clara is found there in the dark, half mad with terror; she has been captured by Sir Richard's emissaries, while taking the air outside Dartford Priory in Kent, has been carried off to the dungeon, along with her unlucky lover. We do not remember any precedent for this fantastic method of marital vengeance in other romantic tales; but we have often read something very like Ralph's feat of overpowering and tying up the wicked lord of the castle, followed by the deliverance of Ralph and Clara when Wat Tyler's band of insurgents easily break into the castle by a sudden assault. Professor Minto, indeed, cannot describe this kind of exploit and adventure so

well as Mr. R. L. Stevenson does in "The Black Arrow," or Sir Walter Scott in "Ivanhoe." Delivered, anyhow, from his first dire peril, Ralph seeks the King, Richard II., then a generous boy of fifteen, sojourning at Castle Hedingham in that neighbourhood; frankly and faithfully declaring the grievances of the peasants, who are oppressed by serfdom and illegal exactions under their local tyrants, he is authorised to go forth and promise redress in the King's name. This proceeding, his "Mediation," is loyally undertaken by Ralph Hardelet, and he goes on to the great Fair at Stourbridge, the description of which is the best chapter in the book. He addresses the people there, urging them to abstain from violence, but is misrepresented by malignant spies, and is again imprisoned, this time by the Sheriff of Cambridge. It should be mentioned that he has already, in the King's presence at Castle Hedingham, creditably passed through "the ordeal of battle" in a formal tilting-match with his enemy, Sir Richard Rainham, who disgraces himself by foul behaviour in the combat. Meanwhile, Clara becomes lady-in-waiting to the King's mother, the widow of the Black Prince, a wise and amiable lady, with whom she lives at the Wardrobe in Blackfriars, London. She exerts herself successfully to convince the Princess and young Richard of the innocence of Ralph Hardelet; he is released from prison, but goes to warn the Archbishop of impending danger from the popular wrath, and is not only contemned, but is a third time imprisoned at Lambeth. The formidable insurrection, for which the feeble Government in the minority of Richard II. was utterly unprepared, breaks out in the third volume. It is narrated with historical fidelity; the simultaneous well-organised march of the Kentish men and the Essex men to London; the encampment of Wat Tyler on Blackheath, while Jack Straw's force encamped on Hampstead-heath; the alarm and confusion prevailing in London, King Richard's attempt to parley with the leaders on board the Royal barge at Rotherhithe, his subsequent interview with them at Mile-End, the irruption of the mob into the Tower, the murder of the Archbishop and other high officials, and the scenes of outrage in the City streets, are described with no exaggeration. It is evidently the author's deliberate opinion that all these atrocious outrages were perpetrated by the town rabble, without the assent or knowledge of Wat Tyler and the other leaders of the rustic host outside the walls of London; and he sympathises with the latter as honest men preferring just and moderate demands. He also believes young King Richard to have acted in perfect good faith; but surely it cannot be supposed that the entire abolition of serfdom, a complete change in the whole system of feudal law, could be effected with validity by any King's mere proclamation. The final catastrophe, the last day's meeting at Smithfield, the killing of Wat Tyler by the Lord Mayor, Sir William Walworth, and the dispersing of the terrified peasantry, might have been related with better dramatic effect. In that concluding scene of turmoil, Ralph Hardelet, the martyr of loyal and Christian patriotism, falls by the cruel hand of his old enemy Rainham, but his death is instantly avenged; and Clara, when she hears of it, dies in a moment of a broken heart. The author has not written a good romance, for it is wanting in likelihood and artistic shape. But he has treated an important passage of real history with much originality, and with an accurate study of the circumstances known to have existed at the time. It may be advantageously compared with Mr. C. Edmund Maurice's account, in his "English Popular Leaders of the Middle Ages."

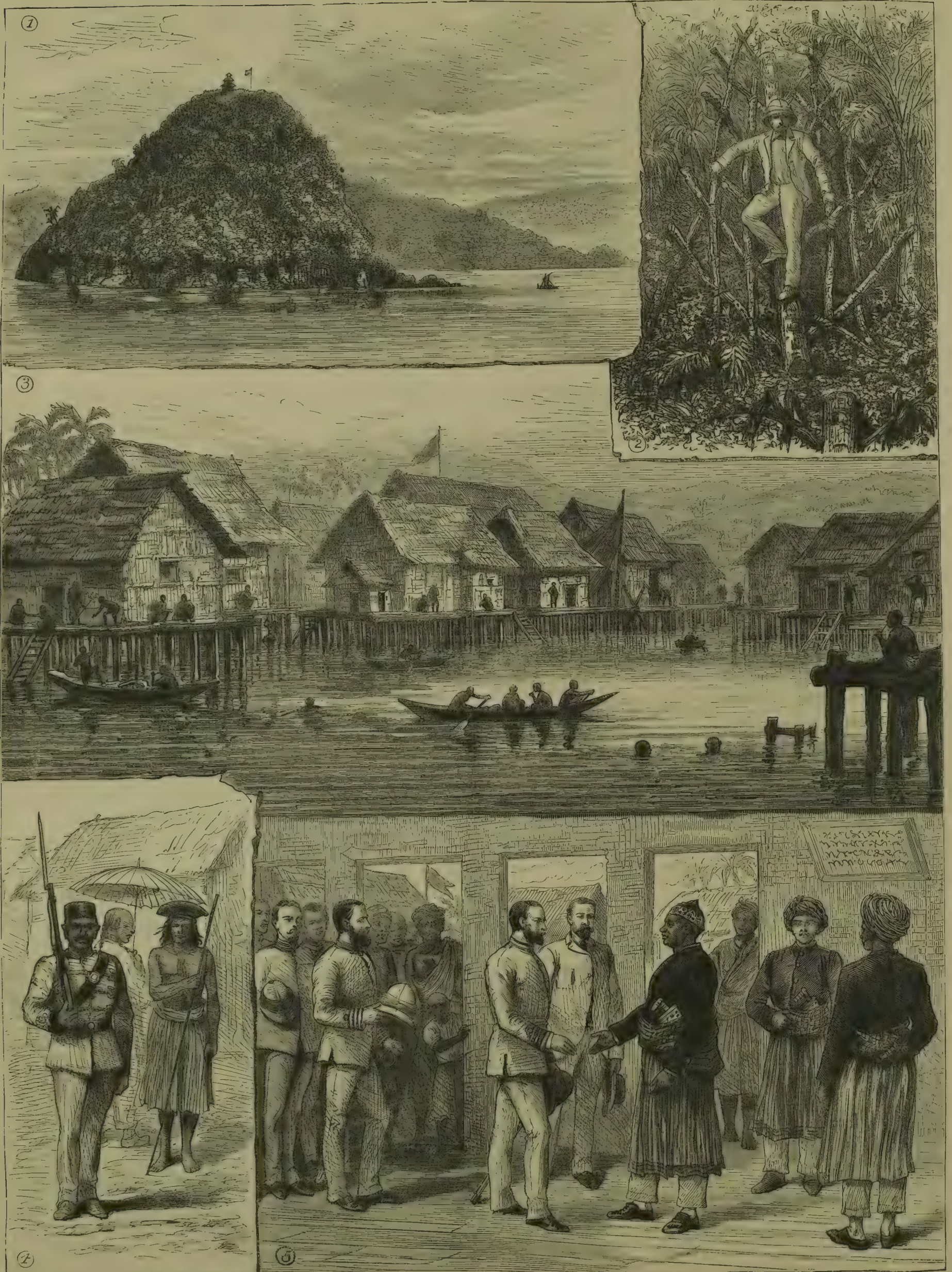
SKETCHES IN BORNEO.

The British naval squadron on the China station, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., K.C.B., was cruising in March last off the coasts of Borneo. That large island, 850 miles long and 600 miles broad, situated in the Equatorial region, in the centre of the Malay Archipelago, having Sumatra and Java for its neighbours to the west and south, and the Philippines to the north-east, has not yet been thoroughly explored. Its northern parts, however, from Sarawak, where Sir James Brooke, the first "Rajah Brooke," formed an English settlement forty or fifty years ago, when the Malay pirates were subdued by the aid of Admiral Keppel, to the small British colony of Labuan, established by our Government in 1847, and to the north-eastern peninsula, called Sabah, now occupied by the British North Borneo Company under their charter of 1881, with the ports and harbours of Sandakan, Kudat, Gaya Bay, and Ambong Bay—are tolerably familiar to our maritime trade. The ruling Malay race in the greater portion of this northern region, being Mohammedans, own the sovereignty of the Sultan of Brunei, who in 1877 agreed, for a certain pecuniary revenue to be paid yearly, to grant the territories now occupied by the British North Borneo Company, and this arrangement was ratified by our Government four years afterwards, together with one of a similar nature which had been concluded with the Sultan of Sulu, on the eastern coast. The Dutch Government has formed settlements in the southern and western parts of Borneo, which are administered in connection with Java; but the interior, with its primitive tribes of natives, called Muruts, Dusuns, or Ida'an, chiefly of the Dyak race, is pretty much left to itself.

The town of Brunei, where the Sultan resides, is situated at the head of the Gulf of Labuan, only thirty miles from the little island of Labuan, with its British official residents, and is regularly visited by steamers from Singapore. The inhabitants of the town, numbering 12,000, are Malays, with some Dyaks, and there are no Europeans living there. Our correspondent, the Rev. O'Donnell Ross Lewin, naval chaplain to H.M.S. Audacious, who has favoured us with Sketches of Borneo, describes Brunei as a town actually built in the water, the houses being erected on piles. It stands in the estuary of a river, and can be approached only by small vessels. The Sultan's palace is entered by a ladder. The Sultan is a stout old Malay, of a reddish-brown complexion. He wore a blue jacket, a very large girdle, with an ornamental crease stuck in it; a sarong or short gown, and white trousers. His velvet cap was worked with gold embroidery to resemble a crown. His Prime Minister attended him. The Admiral was introduced by the Governor of Labuan, Mr. Hamilton. The English guests afterwards sat at a long table, and cigars of huge size were handed to them with very sweet coffee.

Sarawak is now governed by the nephew of the original Rajah Brooke (Sir James Brooke). It is the most prosperous State in Borneo, having a revenue in excess of expenditure. It appears to be well and wisely governed, and the Rajah's soldiers are well drilled. The old Malay cannon at Sarawak are very curious. One is double-barrelled; another has the figure of a man at the breech, and that of a dog at the muzzle. On the steep hill-sides the natives use notched tree-trunks to ascend and descend; and as some of these are often broken, and with no supports, walking down becomes rather risky, as it appears in one of the Sketches.

A three-light window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, has been erected in the church of Furneaux-Pelham, Hertfordshire, with the surplus fund, on the occasion of the Jubilee of her Majesty.



1. Light-house at the Entrance to the Sarawak River.
2. Coming down a Jungle Path in Borneo.

3. A Street in Brunel. 4. One of Rajah Brooke's Soldiers at Sarawak.
5. The Sultan of Brunel Receiving Vice-Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon and Officers of the Squadron.

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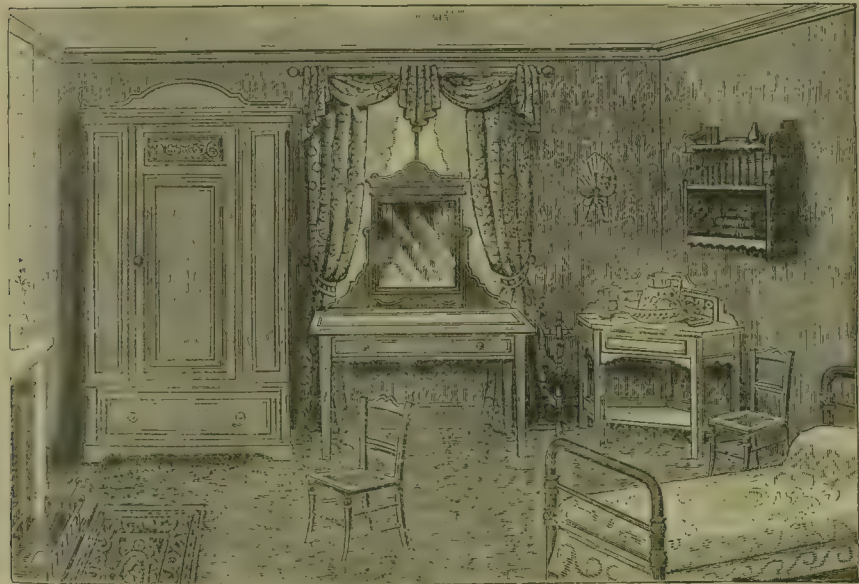
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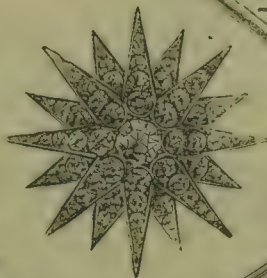
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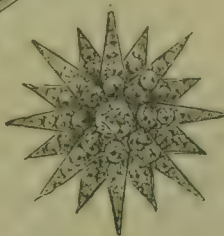
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ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

It is greatly to be regretted that the managers of this important exhibition should have allowed it to be opened prematurely. In every way, and in the interest of exhibitors and visitors, a fortnight's delay would have added to its attractions without compromising its success. Even now many vacant spaces are to be found on the walls, and the catalogue is in need of careful revision. Moreover, as a first venture in a new direction it would have been more prudent to have awaited the return to town of those who set the fashion even in exhibition-going—and more especially in the case of an exhibition which appeals almost exclusively to the fashionable and would-be taste dictators of the country.

Having said this much, we willingly pass on to speak in a very different tone of the contents of the New Gallery, which, for a brief period, passes under the management of Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. William Morris, and Mr. Cobden-Sanderson. The aim proposed by the society of which these gentlemen are the guiding spirits is to bring into greater prominence "the personal element" of our industrial system. In other words, they wish to show how much of the undoubted advance in taste and workmanship which modern house-decoration displays is due to the individual workman; and they believe that a fuller recognition of the craftsman will tend more than anything to raise handicrafts to the level of true art. We have no desire to dispute this hopeful anticipation, but the first survey of the exhibits on the present occasion suggests rather a struggle between two conflicting influences in the designers' minds, than that harmony between art and craft which it is the aim of Mr. Walter Crane's society to establish. In other words, there is too patent an effort on the part of the majority of the artists to produce what they regard as useful, and an equal effort on the part of the craftsmen to disguise, under a decorative exterior, the direct purpose of their work. Designs for stained glass or mural decorations do not come under limitations of this sort, and consequently the works contributed by Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Holiday, Mr. Ford-Madox Browne, and Mr. Walter Crane do not suffer from the conflicting influences. Of the first-named artist the most important works are the cartoons for two windows for St. Philip's Church, Birmingham—"The Crucifixion" (181) and "The Nativity" (173). We place them in this order because the former work seems to show the artist at his best, although in the treatment of the Saviour's birth he has been able to give fuller play to fancy and imagination—a group of angels above guiding the steps of the shepherds to the grotto beneath, where another group watches over the new-born child. In the still larger and more complicated work, "David's Exhortation to Solomon" (170), the shrivelled King is not a pleasant subject for contemplation; whilst Solomon is represented as far too boyish to wield the sceptre and the sword in a kingdom beset by foes on all sides; but the group of girls who stand round the foot of the throne is conceived with Mr. Burne-Jones's consummate skill, and arranged with exquisite grace. Mr. Holiday's designs for the Cavendish Memorial (163 and 164, 167 and 163) are fine renderings of the Passion, and are as strongly marked by dignity and pathos as the plaster bas-relief, "Jacob's Ladder" (165), is by delicacy and refinement. In the same category of successful works we must mention Mr. Walter Crane's sketches for a painted frieze, illustrating Longfellow's story of "The Skeleton in Armour" (194), in which the artist has an admirable opportunity for the display of his real genius in the invention of imaginary beasts; and Mr. Selwyn Image's crayon designs for glass windows, "Raphael" and "Michael" (210), of which the latter shows the greater power. The Century Guild of Artists is represented by some spirited designs by Mr. B. Creswick, of which the "Village Smith" (193) series is perhaps the most characteristic; but without knowing whether these casts in high-relief are intended for indoor or outdoor ornament, it is difficult to say how far they are adaptable to our climate. Amongst the other objects of interest in the North Gallery—to which we confine our remarks on the present occasion—is a "Cassone in Gesso" (229), with a design by Mr. Burne-Jones, "The Garden of the Hesperides." This chest, which is made after the Italian fashion of the sixteenth century, is ablaze with gold, and bears on its surface in low relief a long-necked hideous monster twining round the mystic tree, and taking food from a bowl which a very modern-looking, self-possessed young lady holds in her hands. In Mr. Spencer Stanhope's "Hanging Cupboard" (230) the colours are even more brilliant, and the contrast of the blue dresses of the girls with the green foliage above them is somewhat startling. In much more refined style are Mr. Walter Crane's frieze panel "St. George and the Dragon" (239), Mr. Heywood Sumner's painted Gesso panel "Judith" (243), and Miss Faulkner's piano of green-stained wood, decorated in Gesso with gold and silver arabesques—Gesso, it may be explained, is composed of plaster of Paris, glue, and cotton wool, and is admirably suited for decorations in relief, whether in colour or gilded.

In our next notice we shall refer to the metal and glass work, the pottery, and the bookbinding, and to various textiles, of which there is a very remarkable display. Meanwhile, we cordially echo the regrets expressed by Mr. Walter Crane in his admirable preface to the catalogue, that a large number of the manufacturers of artistic products have refused to take part in the present exhibition in consequence of the condition imposed by the society that the name of the responsible designer or artificer should be furnished, in order that the credit due to him should be fairly and fully recognised.

ST. DUNSTAN'S COLLEGE, CATFORD.

Under the scheme approved by the Charity Commissioners, part of the funds belonging to the parish authorities of St. Dunstan-in-the-East, in the City of London, were directed to be applied to founding a school for the education of 400 boys. The appointed Governors of this school are Alderman and Sheriff Gray; Mr. A. J. Capel; the Rev. J. L. Ross, Rector of the parish; Sir Reginald Hanson; Sir Owen Roberts; the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Legge and the Rev. R. Rhodes Bristow, of Lewisham; and Messrs. R. B. Portal, W. Marten Smith, W. J. Thompson, F. H. Mitchell, G. C. Edwards, H. Spicer, and W. R. Portal, gentlemen connected with the parish of St. Dunstan. A large and well-arranged group of buildings, with school-rooms, dormitories, masters' residences, and chapel, has been



ST. DUNSTAN'S COLLEGE, CATFORD-BRIDGE, LEWISHAM.

erected at Catford-bridge, adjacent to Lewisham, in one of the most improving and prosperous suburban districts of Kent. The architect is Mr. E. N. Clifton, of 7, East India-avenue, City. We present a View of these buildings, which were formally opened by Sir Henry Roscoe, M.P., assisted by Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Gray, and the other Governors, on Monday, Oct. 1, in the presence of the Bishop of Rochester; the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University; Sir George Young, Charity Commissioner; and the Master of the Clothworkers' Company. This college will accommodate sixty boarders and above three hundred day-scholars; the whole will be under the head master, Mr. C. M. Stuart, M.A. (non-resident); two house masters (resident), Mr. R. P. Roseveare and Mr. H. A. P. Sawyer; and Messrs. Allpress and Pugh (assistants). It will provide a modern education suitable for boys entering upon commercial, technical, and professional pursuits, special attention being paid to natural science, modern languages, and drawing. The college has been fitted with laboratories and workshops, arranged with the latest approved appliances, and twelve acres of ground have been laid out for school games.

Under the title of "The Emperor's Diary," Messrs. Routledge and Sons publish in a shilling volume the diary attributed to the late Emperor Frederick, concerning which there has been so much discussion. Prince Bismarck's memorandum in regard to it is also given.

During the quarter ending Sept. 30, as appears from Lloyd's returns, there was an immense increase in the number and tonnage of vessels in course of construction in the shipbuilding yards of this kingdom. The comparison is favourable whether applied to the immediately preceding quarter or to the corresponding period of last year.

Information has been received in Newcastle that the Wiggins Expedition that went out from the Tyne in July last, with a view of opening up a trade between this country and Siberia, has been a failure. The Labrador reached Vardoe early in August and proceeded on her journey through the Kara Sea. This year there has been an unusual quantity of ice in the straits; and a telegram, dated Oct. 3, states that the Labrador has returned to Vardoe, without having reached Yenesei, bringing with her four shipwrecked crews from the Kara Sea.

THE COURT.

On the morning of Oct. 5 the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Alice of Hesse. Her Majesty again drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Alice of Hesse and attended by the Hon. Evelyn Moore. Lord Rowton arrived at the castle, and, with Viscount Cross, had the honour of being invited to dine with the Queen and the Royal family. In the evening the Queen, with the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Albany, witnessed a representation of tableaux vivants, in which Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Prince Albert Victor and Princess Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, Princess Frederica, Baroness von Pawel Rammigen, Princess Alice of Hesse, Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, together with members of the Royal household and other ladies and gentlemen, took part. The following had the honour of being invited:—Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick, Sir Dighton and Lady Probyn, Lady and Miss Cochrane, Miss Knollys, Fräulein Von Riedel, Miss Trotter, the Earl of Fife (who was unavoidably prevented from coming), the Rev. Archibald and Mrs. Campbell, Madame Albani-Gye and Mr. Gye, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Mackenzie, Mdlle. La Jeunesse, Viscount Cross, Lord Rowton, Sir Robert Collins, and Mr. Walter Campbell. The Queen went out on the morning of the 6th, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove out, attended by Lady Amptill.

Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales lunched with the Queen and the Royal family. The Duchess of Albany dined with her Majesty. Fräulein Von Riedel, Viscount Cross, and Lord Rowton had the honour of being invited. In the evening, the Queen, with the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Albany, witnessed a continuation of the tableaux vivants, in which the same members of the Royal family, members of the Royal household, and other ladies and gentlemen, took part. The following had the honour of being invited:—Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick, Sir Dighton and Lady Probyn, Lady and Miss Cochrane, Miss Knollys, Fräulein Von Riedel, Miss Trotter, the Earl of Fife, the Rev. Archibald and Mrs. Campbell, Colonel and Mrs. Russell, Madame Albani-Gye and Mr. Gye, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Mackenzie, Mdlle. La Jeunesse, Viscount Cross, Lord Rowton, Sir Robert Collins, the Rev. Professor Story, D.D., and Mr. Walter Campbell. On both evenings the music was furnished by Mr. Farland's band from the Aberdeen Theatre, and by Mr. Adlington. The servants, tenants, and gillies of the Queen's Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall estates were present on each occasion. Divine service was performed on Sunday morning, the 7th, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. Professor Story, D.D., of the Glasgow University, one of her Majesty's chaplains, officiated. The Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, attended by Sir Dighton Probyn and Miss Knollys, drove over from Abergeldie and attended. In the afternoon the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by Lady Amptill, and visited Princess Frederica at Abergeldie Mains. Viscount Cross, Lord Rowton, and the Rev. Dr. Story had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Queen went out on Monday morning, the 8th, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely; and in the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Alice of Hesse, drove to the Glassalt Shiel. Captain Arthur W. Moore, R.N., had the honour of being received by the Queen. Princess Frederica and Baron von Pawel Rammigen dined with the Queen and the Royal family; and Viscount Cross and Lord Rowton had the honour of being invited.

The Prince of Wales met with a magnificent reception at Bucharest on Oct. 4, the whole town being *en fête*. King Charles welcomed his Royal Highness in the most cordial manner, and conducted him to the palace. At the Castle of Pelesh the Queen of Roumania organised a series of brilliant fêtes in honour of the Prince's visit. The Prince of Wales has been disappointed in his hunting expedition, the dry weather having caused the bears to retreat to the upper recesses of the mountains.

The Duchess of Edinburgh arrived at Rome on Oct. 7 with her children, and was received at the railway station by Baron Mayendorff and Mr. Kennedy, the Chargés d'Affaires to Russia and England respectively.

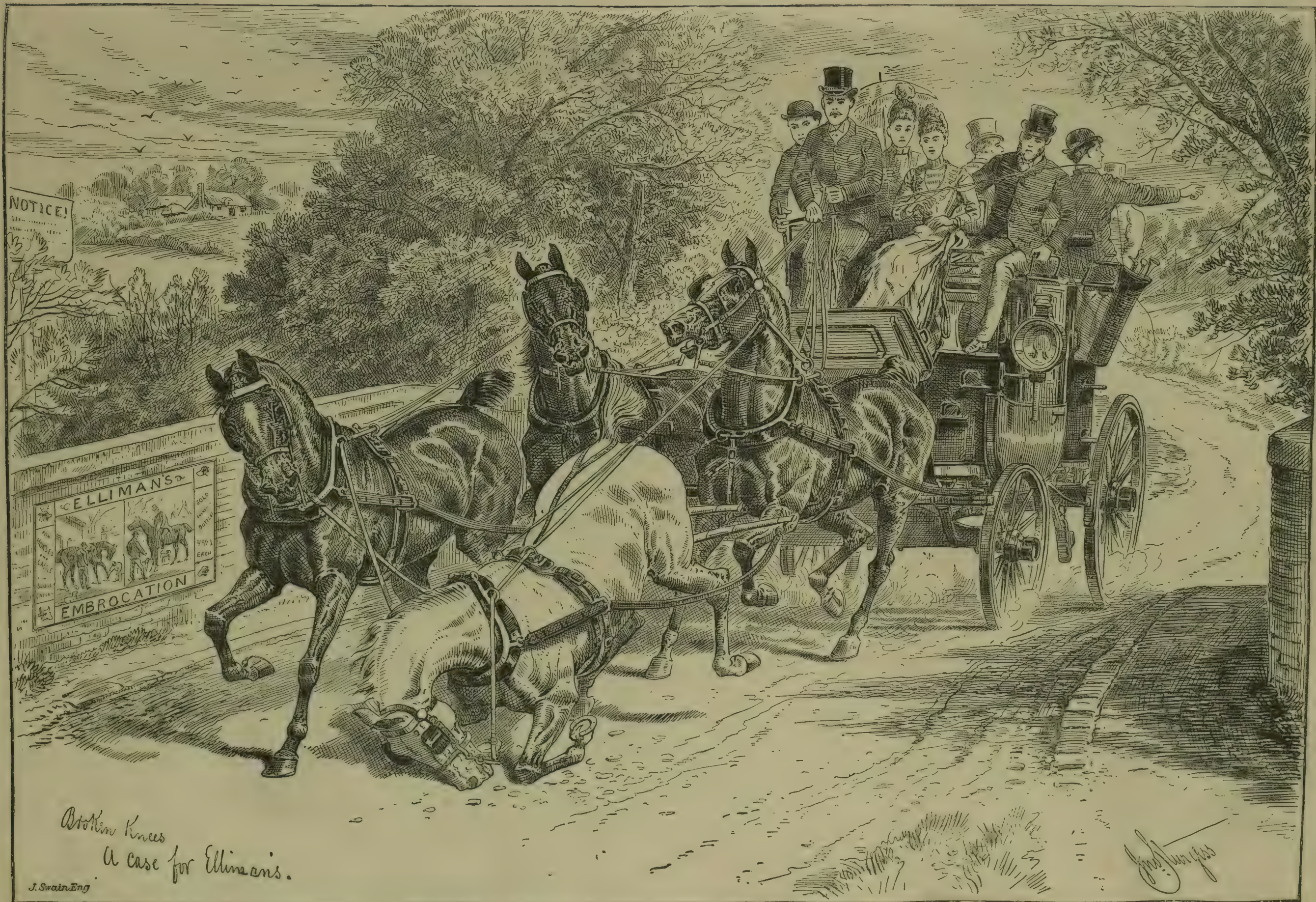
Mr. J. H. A. Macdonald, the Lord Advocate, has received the appointment of Lord Justice Clerk, in succession to Lord Moncrieff; and it is announced that Mr. J. P. B. Robertson, the present Solicitor-General, will succeed Mr. Macdonald.

On Oct. 8 the President (the Marquis of Bristol) and Council of the British Dairy Farmers' Association entertained about one hundred gentlemen at the Freemasons' Tavern, in connection with the thirteenth annual Dairy Show. The chair was filled by Mr. Walter S. B. McLaren, M.P.

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MUSIC.

Symptoms of reviving musical activity are now appearing; among the most important being the resumption of the Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts, which enter on their thirty-third series on Oct. 13. A performance of "Carmen" by Mr. Augustus Harris's Royal Italian Opera Company, was given at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 6, when Mlle. Rolla sustained the title-character with much success. Signor D'Andrade as the Toreador, and Madame Bauermeister, Signori Runcio, De Vascetti, and Ciampi, and others contributed to the general effect; sudden changes in other portions of the cast having been made in consequence of the indisposition of Madame Trebelli and Miss Macintyre.

The performances of the Russian National Opera Company at the Royal Albert Hall—to which we have previously drawn attention—began on Oct. 8. The vocal performers (the choristers habited in picturesque national costume) gave a selection which was not exclusively Russian; having, however, included selections from Glinka's opera, "Life for the Czar," which has been given in an Italian version at our Covent-Garden opera-house. Other Russian pieces were comprised in the programme, which, however, was of a somewhat mixed character. In addition to choral music, solos were effectively sung by Madame Olga Pouskova, and M.M. Vinogradoff and Lubimoff. Besides the band, twenty-four pianofortes were employed, played on by forty-eight young ladies, who executed two pieces. The performances were ably conducted by Mr. J. Truffi. The well-trained company has recently been heard to greater advantage in stage representations in some of our provincial towns, and it is to be regretted that their London appearances should not be made under similar theatrical surroundings. The last concert was announced for Oct. 13.

Madame De Llana (pianist) gave a concert at Prince's Hall on Oct. 8, with an interesting programme, including her own performances in concerted and solo pieces; and other features.

The inaugural address of the new session of Trinity College, London, was announced to be delivered by the Rev. H. G. Bonavia Hunt, on Oct. 9, the same date having been fixed for the students' concert.

We have previously drawn attention to the arrangements made for the one day's festival at Hanley, on Oct. 11, conducted by Dr. C. Swinnerton Heap, of Birmingham.

The recurrence of the Bristol Triennial Festival (the sixth occasion) will take place on Oct. 16 and three following days. The programme does not offer any absolute novelty, but several grand works of permanent interest will be given, all the performances taking place in the Colston Hall. The first morning (the Tuesday) will be devoted to "Elijah," the evening concert of the same date including a selection from Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride," Schumann's Piano-forte Concerto in A minor, and other items. On the following morning, Cherubini's fourth mass (in C) and Dr. Mackenzie's dramatic cantata "The Rose of Sharon" will be given, Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, and a miscellaneous selection being included in the programme of the evening concert. The morning of Oct. 18 will be appropriated to Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden

Legend," and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis-Night" music; the following evening's concert including Beethoven's pastoral symphony, other orchestral works, pianoforte solos, and vocal pieces. The festival will terminate on Friday morning, Oct. 19, with a performance of "The Messiah." The orchestra will be the fine band organised by Sir Charles Hallé, who will be the conductor and pianist. The original list of solo vocalists comprised the names of Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Mesdames Patey, Trebelli, and Belle Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. C. Banks, Mr. Santley, Mr. W. Mills, and Mr. M. Worlock; but it is feared that illness will prevent Madame Trebelli from appearing.

Mr. William Carter will begin a new series of eight concerts at the Royal Albert Hall on Oct. 31; the co-operation of his well-trained choir being again an important feature.

Mr. Freeman Thomas's Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre will close (with his benefit) on Oct. 15, after an especially successful season; a result fully merited by the general excellence of the performances, and the varied attractions of the programmes.

The eighteenth season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby, will open on Nov. 7 under its altered title of the "Royal Choral Society." The opening performances will consist of Mozart's "Requiem" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Two more concerts will be given this year—on Nov. 28 and Dec. 15—and the remaining seven on Jan. 1 and 16, Feb. 2 and 20, March 6 and 30, and April 19. Some of our most eminent solo vocalists are engaged, and a band and chorus of about a thousand performers will give effect to works by past and present masters, among these being Mr. Cowen's oratorio, "Ruth"; an oratorio entitled "Lucifer," by M. Benoit; and Signor Mancinelli's "Isaias." Mr. W. Hodge has been appointed organist on the retirement of Sir John Stainer.

The Monday Popular Concerts will open their thirty-first season on Nov. 12.

Those excellent orchestral performances, the London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall, will be resumed with the first concert of a new series, on Nov. 20, conducted by Mr. Henschel, as before.

A new series of Ballad Concerts will begin towards the latter end of November.

Another important accession to London music will be the renewal of Novello's Oratorio Concerts, which will begin their new season, at St. James's Hall, on Dec. 6 (conducted, as before, by Dr. Mackenzie), with Dr. Parry's "Judith." Engagements have been made with several eminent solo vocalists.

Among the suburban musical institutions that are preparing for renewed activity, the Finsbury Choral Association (conducted by Mr. C. J. Dale) will open its tenth season with the first of four concerts, on Nov. 22; and the Highbury Philharmonic Society (conducted by Mr. G. H. Betjemann) will begin its eleventh season on Nov. 26.—The South London Choral Association has issued the prospectus of its twenty-first season. Classes for instruction in various branches of music and public concerts are included in the scheme; Mr. L. C. Venables being principal of the educational department and conductor of the performances. Among the works to be given, this year and next, are Mr. Gaul's "Ruth"

and a selection of part-songs; Sir John Stainer's "St. Mary Magdalen"; Gade's cantata "The Crusaders"; Handel's "Messiah" (a Christmas performance on Dec. 21), "Israel in Egypt"; and at St. James's Hall on Good Friday Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and a selection from oratorios.—Eastern London will be well supplied with musical performances by the Borough of Hackney Choral Association, conducted by Mr. E. Prout, and the Bow and Bromley Institute. The first-named institution will give four concerts (beginning on Nov. 19) in the Shoreditch Townhall, where Handel's "Joshua," Haydn's "Seasons," Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," Brahms's "German Requiem," and Schubert's "Rosamunde" music will be given during the series; the scheme of the other association including Haydn's "Creation," miscellaneous concerts, and organ recitals.

Among forthcoming provincial arrangements the Blackburn Philharmonic Society announces three concerts, beginning on Nov. 7; when Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend" will be performed; and the Bourne-mouth Philharmonic Society will give an afternoon and an evening performance of Dr. Mackenzie's oratorio "The Rose of Sharon" on Nov. 21.

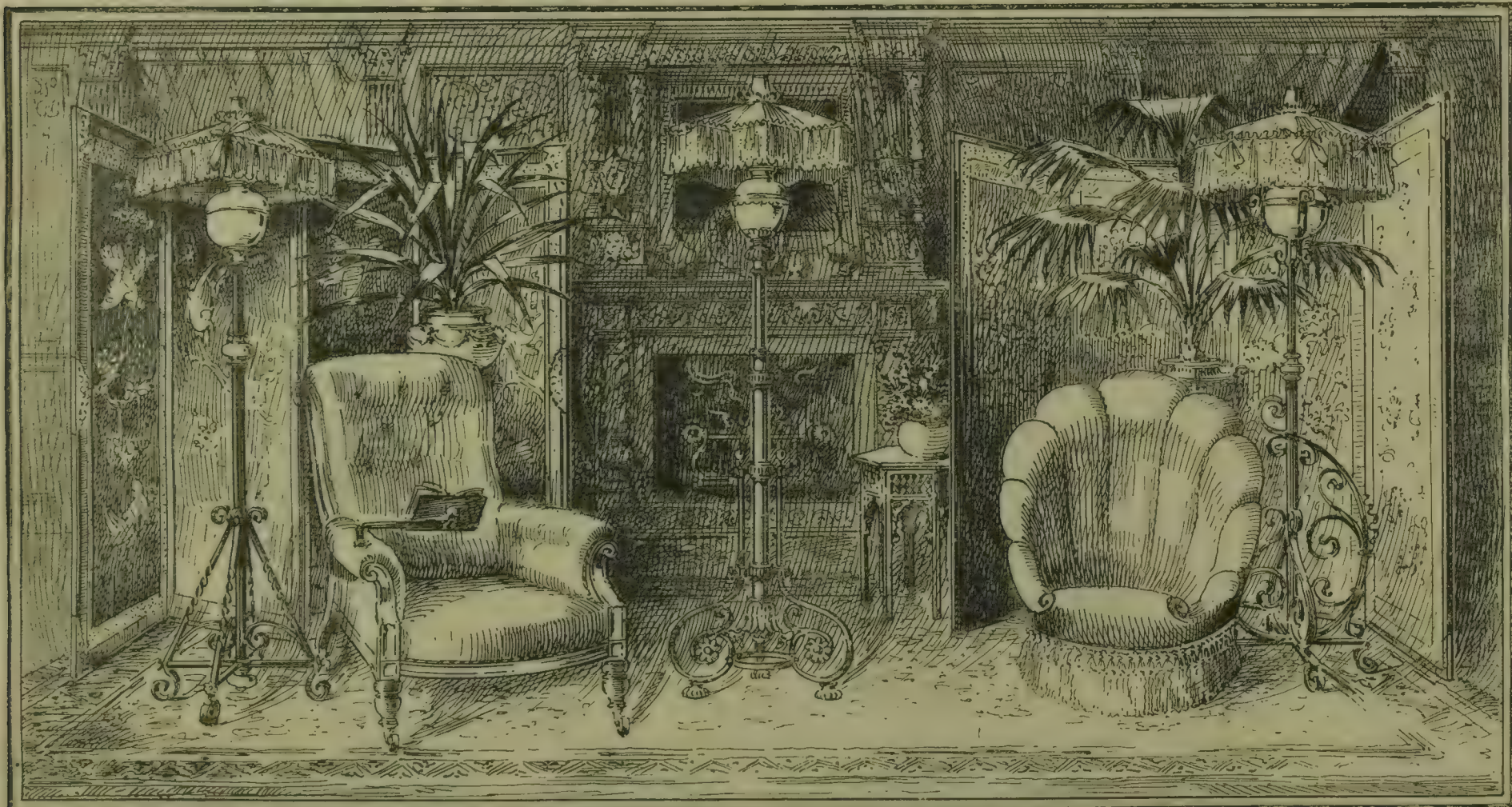
Provincial tours will be made by Mr. Santley and Mr. and Mrs. Henschel during October and November; pianoforte recitals by Madame Essipoff in November; and performances by the Heckmann quartet party, in November and December, being arranged for.

Professor John Ella (who died recently aged nearly eighty-six) began his musical career, when very young, as a violinist at the opera-house in the Haymarket, then called the King's Theatre. He became widely known as founder and director of the Musical Union, which for many years furnished instrumental performances of a very high class, in which many of the most distinguished artists were first heard in this country. Professor Ella was also known as a lecturer on music, was a member of several musical societies, and had the personal acquaintance of some of the most eminent composers and performers of his time.

The movement to collect funds for the erection of a memorial in the new cemetery at Evère, Brussels, over the remains of the officers and men who fell in the Waterloo Campaign has resulted in the collection of £2400, of which the Government have contributed £500. The fund is closed.

The first meeting of the council of the Sanitary Institute, which has recently been incorporated, was held at the Parkes Museum on Oct. 5. Sir Douglas Galton was unanimously appointed chairman of the council, and Mr. G. J. Symons the registrar. The institute is founded to carry on the objects of the Amalgamated Sanitary Institute of Great Britain and the Parkes Museum, and it was decided to hold the institute's first examination for local surveyors and inspectors of nuisances on Nov. 8 and 9. A programme of lectures for the winter session is in course of preparation. A letter was read from the Charity Commissioners saying that they considered that the new institute was likely to prove a powerful means for the diffusion of sanitary knowledge, and promising to grant facilities to the institute to deliver lectures in the various buildings which the Commissioners proposed to establish in different parts of London.

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THE RECESS.

The return of Lord Salisbury from Nice to Hatfield on the Sixth of October signalises the commencement in earnest of the autumn campaign. Whilst the Prime Minister, strengthened by his long holiday in France, was girding on his armour, to be ready at a fitting moment to join in the fray, his Lordship may well have proceeded leisurely. The noble Marquis knew the Ministerial cause had just been championed by two of his doughtiest colleagues, Mr. Balfour and Lord Hartington, who continues to support the Ministry so staunchly that he might consistently accept a seat in the Cabinet itself.

The war of words has shown that our Parliamentary gladiators are quite as keen in debate, in retort, and in the art of delaying reform outside St. Stephen's, as they are within its walls. *Cui bono?* might be asked after each speech. Neither Mr. Balfour's lively defence in Glasgow of his Irish administration, nor the Marquis of Hartington's resolute stand in Inverness at the beginning of October against Gladstonian Home Rule for Ireland, contributed one atom to the solution of the Irish Difficulty. The Leader of the Liberal Unionist party is content to act as buttress to the Salisbury Government, as he still regards the alliance as the most effective obstacle to the triumph of Mr. Parnell in Ireland. But this policy does not hold out any hope of the removal of the existing deadlock.

Precisely the same rigid attitude is adopted by Mr. Gladstone and his lieutenants on their side. From Mr. Herbert Gladstone at Leeds on the Sixth of October came nothing newer than wholesale denunciation of Mr. Balfour and all his works in Ireland. Similarly, speaking at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, on the Eighth, Mr. John Morley, who was enthusiastically received, indulged in animated criticism of the "Coercion" practised in vain by Mr. Balfour, and also coquetted with Home Rule for Wales. Mr. Morley renewed the attack the following day, at the Newtown meeting of the Welsh National Council, whose members will in future bestir themselves more actively in the House of Commons. Addressing the Manchester meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance, the same day, Sir William Harcourt confined himself to the appropriate topic of Local Option; but Sir George Trevelyan, in Hull, returned to the thrice-told tale of Mr. Balfour's alleged rule of iron in Ireland—a theme on which Mr. William O'Brien also naturally waxed eloquent at Blaenau, Festiniog. There was a more statesman-like tone in the Earl of Rosebery's admirable speech at Leeds on the Ninth of October in favour of a separate legislative body

for purely Irish affairs. But the distinguishing feature of the speeches of both parties is that there is no approximation of views whatever. Settlement of a vexed question seems as far off as ever. Nor does anyone expect Mr. Gladstone, when he delivers battle to the Liberal Unionists at their Birmingham headquarters on the Fifth of November, to mend matters in the least with respect to the Irish Question.

Lord Salisbury's Government, meantime, as Mr. W. H. Smith declared in an effective and pointed speech at Gloucester, on the Eighth of October, will rest contented with maintaining the integrity of the United Kingdom, with the solid aid of the Liberal Unionists, and with passing through Parliament such serviceable Acts as that which has so greatly reformed the municipal administration of the Metropolis and of the counties.

The Church Congress, which was opened at Manchester on Oct. 2, with an address from the Bishop of the diocese to an audience of 4000 persons, in the Free Trade Hall, continued its meetings daily.—Among the subjects discussed at the second meeting were the missions of the Church of England in the United States and our Colonies, Philosophic Doubt and Agnosticism, and the Burial Laws, and in the evening the Mayor, Sir J. Harwood, held a conversation in the Townhall, which was numerously attended.—The principal subjects discussed on the third day had reference to the desirability of revising the Prayer Book, the bearing of Democracy on Church life and work, the influence of the reserved-seat system upon attendance at church, and the future of voluntary elementary schools.—Interest was well sustained during the concluding day; the morning at the principal meeting being devoted to Christian service, and the afternoon to Church finance. In the sections the increase of the episcopate, the religious life for men, eschatology, and lay help were the topics considered.

BIRTH.

On Sept. 27, at Wallfield, Stand, Manchester, the wife of Edgar Watkin, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On Oct. 3, at Central Hill Chapel, Upper Norwood, by the Rev. S. A. Tippet, Arthur, eldest son of Joseph Leete, Esq., South Norwood Park, to Lilian Frances, second daughter of Henry Hodsoll Heath, Esq., J.P., The Rylands, Upper Norwood.

DEATH.

On Oct. 5, at Park Hall, Mansfield, Francis Hall, Esq., J.P., in his 63rd year.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At the monthly meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, held on Thursday, Oct. 11, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards amounting to £77 were granted to the crews of life-boats belonging to the institution for services rendered during September. The Winterton No. 2 life-boat rescued the crew, consisting of seven men, of the brig Catherine, of Whitby, which was waterlogged and sank during a whole gale from the N.N.W. and a very heavy sea; the Peterhead life-boat rendered assistance to the stranded fishing-boat Aurora, of Pittallie, during a strong E.N.E. wind and misty weather; the Llanddwyn life-boat rendered assistance to the schooner George, of Liverpool, which was in danger during a fresh gale from the N.W. and squally weather; and the Llanddulas life-boat assisted the distressed ss. Tolfaen, of Liverpool. Payments amounting to £5523 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £300 from the Misses Macrae, balance of their gift for the Southport new life-boat; £100 additional from Mrs. E. A. Symes, Bangor; and £4 13s., collected at the harvest festival at Aldringham, Suffolk, per the Rev. J. C. Stewart Mathias. New life-boats have been sent during September to Milford Haven, Mevagissey, and Porthdinllaen.

Mr. Mackenzie, the representative of the British East African Association, has had an audience of the Sultan of Zanzibar, who has signed the concession which has been granted to the association.

On the opening day of the Newmarket Second October Meeting Braw Lass won the Trial Plate, Peck o' Pepper the Visitors' Plate, Paloma the Second October Nursery Stakes, Red Palmer the First Welter Handicap, El Dorado the Clearwell Stakes, Poem the Hundred Guinea Plate, Noble Chieftain the Cadogan Plate, and Ormuz the Post Produce Stakes.—On Oct. 9 the Cesarewitch was contested by twenty-three runners, of whom Mr. M. P. Aumont's Ténébreuse was first, Mr. G. Lambert's Mill Stream second, Mr. Warren de la Rue's Trayles third, and Mr. C. Perkins's Matin Bell fourth. The Heath Stakes fell to Master Mason, the Maiden Plate to Blue Peter, the Stand Nursery Plate to Lady Barefoot, the Selling Plate to Dartmouth, the Flying Welter Handicap to The Tyke, the Severals Plate to Gulbeyaz, and the Royal Stakes to Ossory. On the 10th the Middle Park Plate was won by the Duke of Portland's Donovan; Mr. Rose's Gulliver being second, and Mr. Blanc's Clover third.

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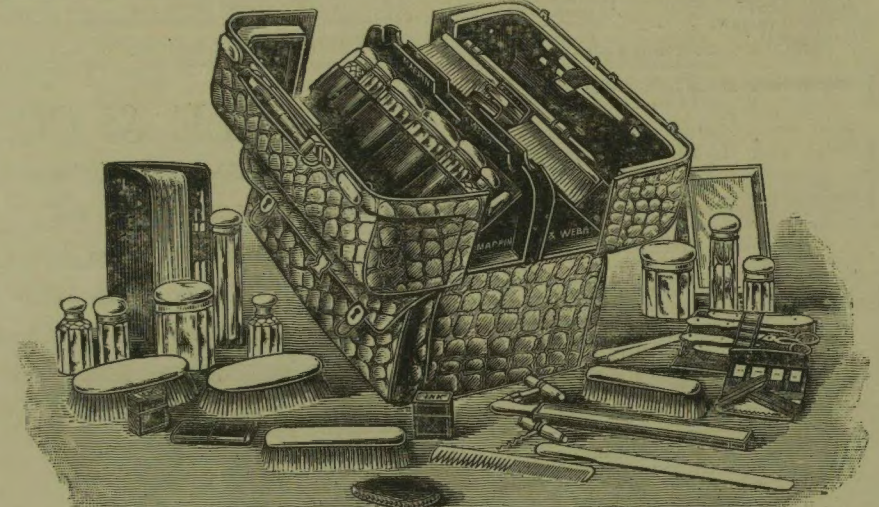
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